

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE



JUNE 1951

LIFE FOR LEFTY

A Baseball Story by WILLIAM FAY

HAWES



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THE GRAND LODGE

CONVENTION

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, 1951 CONVENTION PROGRAM

**FRIDAY,
JUNE 29**

OFFICERS OF GRAND LODGE CONVENE.

**SATURDAY,
JUNE 30**

REGISTRATION. Grand Lodge members—Normandy Room, Stevens Hotel. Visitors and ladies—Lower Level of Stevens Hotel and Chicago No. 4 Lodge, 3 North Clark Street.

RITUALISTIC CONTEST starts at 9:00 A.M. in Stevens Hotel, North Ballroom, Third Floor.

**SUNDAY,
JULY 1**

REGISTRATION continues.

RITUALISTIC CONTEST continues in North Ballroom, Stevens Hotel.

8:00 P.M. OFFICIAL PUBLIC OPENING. Grand Ballroom, Stevens Hotel. Floyd E. Thompson, P.G.E.R., Honorary General Chairman, Master of Ceremonies; Bruce A. Campbell, P.G.E.R., Honorary Chairman; Henry C. Warner, P.G.E.R., Asst. Honorary General Chairman. Address: Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle. Music.

**MONDAY,
JULY 2**

REGISTRATION continues.

RITUALISTIC CONTEST continues in North Ballroom, Stevens Hotel.

9:30 A.M. TO 1:00 P.M. First Grand Lodge Business Session—Grand Ballroom, Stevens Hotel. Election of Grand Lodge Officers.

2:00 P.M. Drill Teams. Grant Park Recreation Field (Monroe, Lakeshore Drive, Jackson, Columbus Drive). Barber Shop Quartet—Grand Ballroom, Stevens Hotel.

**TUESDAY,
JULY 3**

REGISTRATION continues.

RITUALISTIC CONTEST continues in North Ballroom, Stevens Hotel.

9:30 A.M. TO 11:00 A.M. Second Grand Lodge Business Session, Grand Ballroom, Stevens Hotel.

2:00 P.M. Male Choruses and Glee Clubs, Grand Ballroom, Stevens Hotel.
Trap and Skeet Contest. Lincoln Park Gun Club.

9:00 P.M. Grand Exalted Ruler's Ball. Grand Ballroom, Stevens Hotel. 10:00 P.M., Grand March.

**WEDNESDAY,
JULY 4**

10:00 A.M. Third Grand Lodge Business Session. Grand Ballroom, Stevens Hotel.

11:00 A.M. Memorial Service. Grand Ballroom, Stevens Hotel. Trap and Skeet Contest, Lincoln Park Gun Club.

2:00 P.M. Meeting of Grand Exalted Ruler—elect with exalted ruler & other delegates, Grand Ballroom, Stevens Hotel.

**THURSDAY,
JULY 5**

10:00 A.M. Final Grand Lodge Session. Grand Ballroom, Stevens Hotel. Installation of Grand Lodge Officers. Awards to Contest Winners.

12:00 NOON. Convention Adjournment.

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THE
Elks
MAGAZINE

VOL. 30

No. 1

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION.

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What Our Readers Have to Say



Here is a suggestion about lapsations which will really work. Have four members of the Lodge take a list of former members and make a personal call on every name on the list. Several years ago four of us did this in the district in which we live and, as a result, more than fifty per cent of the former members joined. We worked night after night and found that an important reason for the lapsation was illness. At this time I would like to express my appreciation of the Magazine. I have been reading it since it was first published in 1922.

Ben Lyon, Sr.

Alhambra, Calif.

Thanks again for the cooperation of your circulation department. Feel free to call upon Mesa Lodge for any assistance your office may need. I might add it seems remarkable, with all the magazines that you mail each month, that the addresses check so closely with my list.

William J. Laasch
Mesa, Ariz.

Wish to tell you how pleased I was with Stanley Frank's timely and telling article about the problem of retirement. I think it should be given the widest publicity. The main point is: what is to be done in the way of some definite action?

Rev. Theodore F. Joseph
Seattle, Wash.

As a 49-year member of the Order—born in 1868, the year that the B.P.O.E. was founded—I would like to express my appreciation of the work that our Magazine is doing. I look forward to receiving it and read it from cover to cover. It seems to me that in your "Gadgets and Gimmicks" pages you might inform us as to how to obtain the product described.

J. J. Heavey
Huntington, Ind.

Your *Elks Magazine* Film Service has been of excellent value to the members of our Lodge and they have derived a lot of enjoyment from the pictures we have shown. I wish to extend my thanks, as Chairman of the Film Committee, and also the thanks of the members of our Lodge, for your cooperation and service in helping our entertainment program. I would like to request a current list of films now available for showing in the coming season so we can place our requests in advance. We will be calling on you in the future for more film.

Al Wingren

Ketchikan, Alaska



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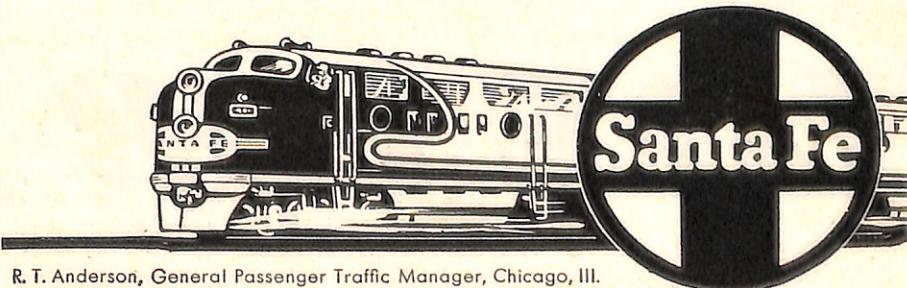
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R. T. Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.



He scrambled back, diving chest-first into the dirt and felt his fingers touch the bag a fraction of a moment before he was tagged.

ILLUSTRATED BY
ISA BARNETT

LIFE FOR LEFTY

BY WILLIAM FAY

Lefty O'Malley had nothing left but his nerve and sense of humor.

BERNARD "LEFTY" O'MALLEY, a relief pitcher who had once been one of the national pastime's more spectacular specimens, sat in the clubhouse of the New York Clippers, pondering his fate. In his hands he held a copy of the *Textile City Star*, the leading journal of a mid-west community—population, 157,659. There was a large photograph on the front page of the paper and a streamer above it, in caps, that said, MAYOR TO ADDRESS NEW YORK CONVENTION. A caption below the picture, in more modest lettering, stated, "The Hon. Harold J. Hanscomb, center, about to depart from Textile City Airport for New York, accompanied by Mr. Anton W. Hodges, well-known merchant and civic leader of this city, and Miss Marcia Hodges, who was Mayor Hanscomb's campaign manager last November."

Lefty was looking long and fondly at Miss Hodges when somebody called, "Hey, Lefty—telephone!" He put the paper down on a bench and walked over to the instrument on the wall. Samson Dudley, the New York Clippers' third baseman for a dozen years, said, "It's a dame."

"For me?"

"Well, you ain't exactly a monster, Lefty. Or did you take some vows that we don't know about?"

Samson, a sympathetic man, had been long enough with the Clippers to remember Lefty O'Malley from his years of greatness when, before his banishment to the minor leagues, the fabulous rookie from Textile City had set New York afire. Watching Lefty now at the telephone, he saw the color first rise, then leave his face; he saw the silly grin of quick, unexpected happiness tug at the corners of his mouth.

"—and awfully nice of Harold to ask me," he heard Lefty say. "Well, sure; I see what you mean; he must be very busy . . . The Waldorf, huh? . . . Well, that's high-class, anyhow . . . Sure, Marcia, baby. Eight-thirty? . . . I think I can make it . . . sure,"

Lefty walked back to his locker with a far-away look in his eyes. *I think I can make it*, he had said, when, in reality, to see Marcia Hodges he would gladly have walked a tightrope to the moon. Samson Dudley walked with him.

"It's love, Lefty, huh? You carryin' a torch?"

"It's no torch, son; it's a bonfire," Lefty said. "Except, as far as I'm able to tell, she's going to marry the mayor."

"Impellitteri, Lefty? Why, the guy's already married."

"The Mayor of Textile City," said Lefty.

And it was time to go out on the field.

In the seventh inning, to his vast surprise and the leaping joy of his old New York admirers, Lefty drove a two-base hit to right field. It was a nice one, right off the fat part of the bat, and hardly the kind you'd expect from a pitcher, especially after five long years of exile in the minors. Lefty rounded first and kept going, his big stride eating the yards. He hooked safely into second and for a few brief moments drank the rich wine of the crowd's applause.

"Eeeeeeee-yay-eeeeeee, Lefty!" they howled to him. "That's the way to go in there, Lefty, boy!"

It had been long, too long, since he'd known this kind of welcome. It was a pleasing tonic for a prodigal. Modestly enough, while standing on the bag, he tipped his cap and suppressed an impulse to thumb his nose at the Boston Colts. And in the case of Larry Daniels, the league's leading hitter, who a moment before had been howling that he was a glass-armed, bush-league bum, this called for Spartan self-restraint. Lefty merely dusted his flannel pants and was calm with new resolution to behave himself.

IN THE first half of the seventh, when they'd called him in from the bull-pen, he was scared. He had no speed, and it was years since he had even attempted to use the full power of his arm. In the minor leagues, to replace his vanished fast ball, he had labored and contrived a kind of style—a cute assortment of ripples, slides, and what the trade called "nothin' balls". Warily, he had tossed a slow curve at the fence-breaking Daniels, and that mighty man, too eager to ride the ball clear out of the Bronx, had popped up to the infield, retiring the side.

"Yay-eeee, Lefty!" yelled the crowd, wild with enthusiasm.

Yes, this was New York again, he told himself; this was the big-time, with Marcia in town, and the fans had not forgotten him. Old dreams rose with the flavor and scent of sweet summer grass. Memories of New York, and of earlier, better days, floated so entrancingly in Lefty's head that they clouded reality. He hadn't seen the Boston shortstop edging to the bag, but a shout of warning brought him alert to the catcher's swift throw to second. He scrambled back, diving chest-first into the dirt, scraping skin from his arms and elbows while the dust rose high around him. He felt his fingers touch the canvas of the bag a fraction of a moment before he was un-gently tagged with the ball. He sighed

with reassurance. It had been close. Then he heard it—"You're out!"

He knew the umpire's voice, but lay there, disbelieving. He gazed up through the haze of summer dust, past the jubilant Boston shortstop to the man in blue. This formidable gentleman was known (although exclusively behind his back), as Isaac "Hoghead" Hogan, a tribute to the width of his neck, the tilt of his ears, and because, as Lefty had once stated to his own undoing, "an apple stuck in Hogan's mouth would be bound to improve his looks".

Now Lefty, still striving to be calm, said to Umpire Hogan, "Will you repeat that please?"

"I—said—you—are—out!"

Like that. The voice of an emperor. Infallible. Beyond appeal. All Lefty's resolutions to forsake his old, bad habits failed him now. The huge facade of Umpire Hogan had never failed to bring out the porcupine in him.

"Listen, Hoghead," he began, and the forbidden word was out. It hung in the air and seemed to echo there. It was like a pitchfork in the umpire's spacious hide.

"What's that?" Hogan shouted.

Lefty swallowed hard. He tried to retrieve a situation already beyond him. "I said nothing, sir." But then temptation was too strong. "I said nothing, Hoghead, except that for a man with two glass eyes you seem to get around pretty well."

"OUT!" screamed Hogan. "Leave the ball park—out!"

So Lefty turned, a victim of the silly whims that had always ruled him, a flop in his first appearance in five years. The fans booed Hogan heartily, but Lefty knew the blame was all his own. How could he tell the boys he was grateful and glad to be back with the Clippers when he'd made a shambles of the game?

LATER, there was small joy in the clubhouse. The Clippers, a first-place club the week before, had blown the game to Boston by a single run. It was their seventh successive loss, and Manager Willy Dexter, a fatigued, perplexed, and clearly a desperate man, did not find it amusing.

"All right, O'Malley," he said to Lefty, "what were you doin' out there—practicin' some of your stale gags for that television show?"

"No, Willy—on the level. And as for television—"

"The heck with television!" Willy Dexter shouted.

Lefty shrugged. All right. All right.
(Continued on page 35)



Left: The Order's leader and his wife lead the diners at the smorgasbord spread provided for them by the Elks of Juneau, Alaska.



Right: Mr. Kyle presents a 50-year membership pin to Past Exalted Ruler Max L. Bear, center, Charter Member of Pensacola, Fla. Left is Past Exalted Ruler Edward W. Peake, an Elk since 1907.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

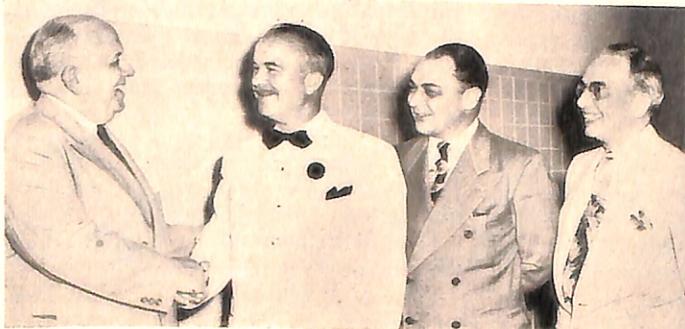


Above: When Mr. Kyle visited West Palm Beach, Fla., and Gulfstream Track, a race was named in his honor. Here he presents the trophy to the owner, with the jockey and, left, D.D. J. P. Wendler; right, Mrs. Kyle.

Below: Mr. Kyle receives Orlando, Fla., Lodge's Tangerine Bowl Game receipts for the Harry-Anna Home from Chairman Larry Satariano. Others include D.D. Vaughn, State Vice-Pres. Chas. Poole, P.D.D. Buning.

ON MAR. 11th, Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle attended the dedication of the \$250,000 air-conditioned home of CHARLOTTE, N.C., LODGE, NO. 392, a ceremony handled by former leaders of this branch of the Order. The magnificent building replaces the home that was destroyed by fire in 1948. Approximately 200 attended the dedicatory dinner at which E.R. H. L. Estridge presided. On hand were three Charter Members of the 54-year-old lodge, O. L. Barringer, J. J. Farnan and B. L. Scruggs. Out-of-town

(Continued on page 30)



The Order's leader, left, is greeted by E.R. H. B. Steward of Winter Park, Fla., Lodge with D.D. Vaughn and P.D.D. Wm. P. Buning, right.



At Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, left to right: P.D.D. Robert L. Bohon, retiring E.R. D. C. Jordan, Mr. Kyle and D.D. Hugh W. Vaughn.



Above: En route to Dublin, Ga., the party visited the last remaining slave market at Louisville, Ga. Left to right: Mr. and Mrs. Kyle, P.E.R. Loomis Taylor, Judge McClelland, Mr. Dutton and Mrs. Taylor.

Below: Pictured at the Mobile, Ala., dinner, left to right: Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle, Joseph A. Marques, Chairman of the State Crippled Children's Fund, and Past Exalted Ruler and Mrs. John P. Kunz.



Left: At Coeur D'Alene, Ida., left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, E.R. J. H. Gridley, Mr. Kyle, D.D. L. L. White and Wm. S. Hawkins of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.



Below: Grouped at Olympia, Wash., Lodge's altar are Edwin J. Alexander of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, D.D. F. G. Warren, Mr. Kyle, E.R. LeRoy Willie and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson who accompanied the Order's present leader.



Above: At Everett, Wash., Lodge, left to right: E.R. Dave Wiggins, Mr. Kyle and State Assn. Pres. Eugene Metzger.

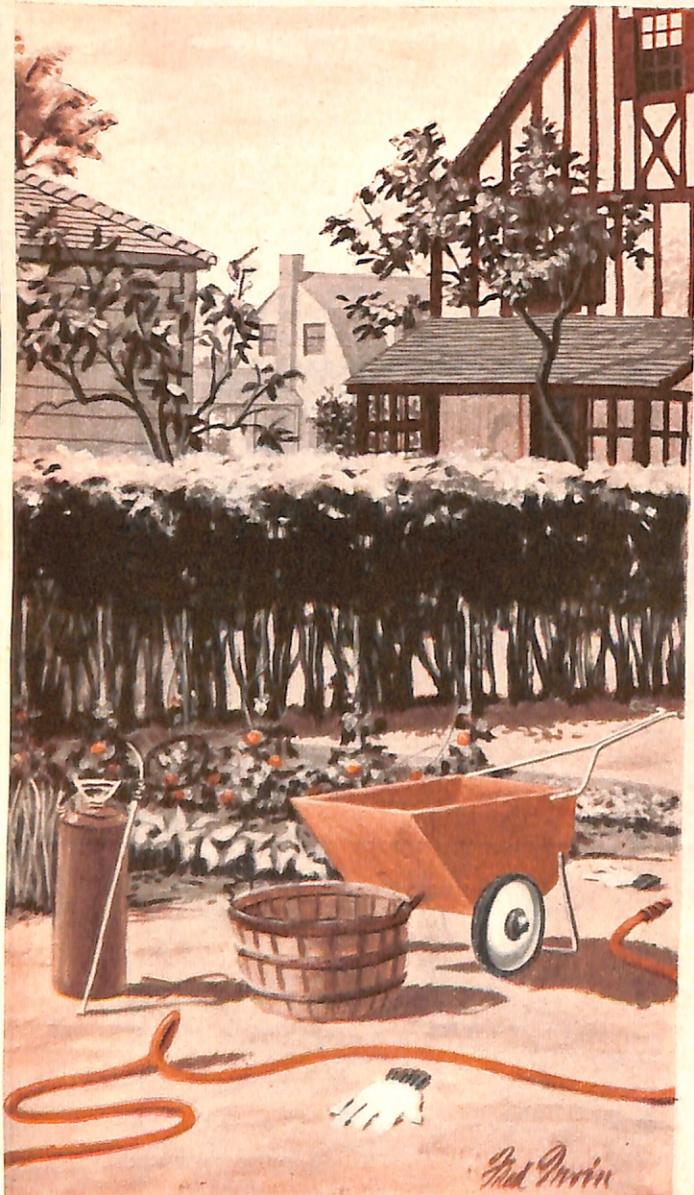


Left to right at Douglas, Ga., Lodge: E.R. Thomas Frier, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Mr. Kyle, Dr. Sage Harper, P.E.R., and Edward A. Dutton of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge.



On his visit to Aidmore, the Crippled Children's Convalescent Hospital at Atlanta operated by the Elk Lodges of Georgia, Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle conversed with patient Hazel Smith of Valdosta.

Green Thumbs Up!



On the big day Joe Doakes harvested his first scientific tomato, he carried it excitedly into the kitchen—anticipating a secret nutritional discovery.



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRED IRVIN



ABOUT ten million American males, otherwise rated normal, are at this moment sucking their green thumbs and conjuring up Kodachrome visions of a beautiful harvest of ponderous tomatoes, bulging cauliflowers, bushel baskets of tender peas and lettuce so crisp it rustles like a moire dress. The feeling is one I know well. In their happy state they have not a single thought for the aching muscles, the ravenous beetles and the mysterious leaf curl blights that stand between them and reality.

Not one in 10,000 of these dreamers, whether he cultivates an acre or a window box, knows the secret of successful gardening about to be revealed. Among them are good radish men and expert turnip growers. Some produce broccoli as big as cabbage. But a superb cucumber creator often hides his squash in shame. His garden is like an automobile with one good wheel; like a carrousel cut in half; like a torn piece of a \$10-bill. What there is is good enough, the trouble is, is what there ain't.

As a gardener who has hopefully put more vegetable seed in rows at the wrong time in the wrong way than anyone outside of Lock-Step County, Arkansas, I testify that the curse of America's 10 million gardens is lack of uniformity. A man who grows huge pumpkin and shrivelled spinach is only half a gardener. A luscious leek doesn't balance ailing asparagus. Bushels of eggplants won't make up for piddling parsnips. There must be a standard for the whole garden.

After years of study and intensive experimentation I must, with all modesty, acknowledge that I have attained this standard. There are no flashes in the pan in my garden; no bountiful beets next to run down rhubarb. My soy beans match my okra; my kale and carrots meet on equal terms. I have achieved what the ten million will this summer seek—uniformity. My crops are of but one size—medium; one quantity—some; one quality—mediocre.

This astonishing achievement has eluded professional agronomists for years. Like all gardeners, I dislike talking about myself to anyone except people, and at first I didn't want to say anything about this. But when my family pleaded, "give the news to the world", I set down my hoe and took up my pen.

The trouble with other gardeners—all 9,999,999 of them—is their dependence on a green thumb rather than on science to bring forth a crop. Now a green thumb doubtless is a great asset and hitchhikers must find it especially useful, but I've yet to see one frighten a Japanese beetle. And as for fungus, many's the green thumb that has survived the season only because it was sprayed weekly with Bordeaux mixture. The green thumb was the tool of our ancestors; it is as obsolete as a plowshare made out of a sword.

You don't need a green thumb for successful gardening today. What you need

is a plot of ground, seeds, super-phosphate, potash, nitrogen, lime, DDT, copper sulphate, rotenone, tri-calcium arsenate, zinc dinethyldithiocarbonite, wettable sulphur, arsenate of lead, nicotene sulphate, spray equipment, rakes, hoes, spades, trowels, a hot bed, a cold frame, perhaps a tractor with appurtenances, a strong back, optimism and money. The least important of these is optimism; the most important is money. With enough money even land is unnecessary; the science of hydroponics now grows impressive crops in sawdust or excelsior mixed with chemicals.

The scientific approach to gardening leaves nothing to chance, particularly the soil. There was a time—happy day—when planting involved no more than digging, fertilizing, raking and putting in the seed. What came up was due to skill, what stayed down was an act of God. It isn't that way anymore. Somebody discovered a factor called pH—that soil was either acid or alkaline, or it wasn't. That is, when it wasn't one or the other it was both, in precise balance. This pH factor revealed why beets grow happily in one kind of soil and beans do better in another.

That put science into gardening. When the seed researchers got through batting the pH around, before Joe Doakes could so much as plant a row of cabbage he had to send samples of his soil to a laboratory for analysis to see whether the cabbage would like it or not. Cabbage, he discovered, turned up its leaves at anything but sweet soil, while blueberries preferred it sour. The taste of lime beans was somewhere in between. A vegetable's pH is as individual as a woman's lipstick—it must match the foliage, the blossom and the mood.

AT THIS point gardener Joe could either run screaming for a psychiatrist or enroll in an extension course in chemistry. He took the course. It was cheaper. He learned a lot more—about nitrogen, phosphorus and potash, the basic plant foods, and trace elements, sulphur, calcium, iron and magnesium. When the soil was too sour or too sweet, essential phosphorus united with calcium or iron to form compounds which plants cannot use. Under certain conditions—and it could occur in anybody's back yard—plants starved in heavily fertilized soil. As it became more and more complicated Joe took more and more courses.

On the day he graduated *cum laude*, Joe harvested his first scientific tomato. It didn't look much different from any other tomato but it seemed different. It was, he felt, the most scientific fruit ever grown, with each of its components in the exact balance that was man's ultimate improvement on nature. In excited anticipation, he carried the tomato into the kitchen. Perhaps in this red globe lay the secret of a nutritional discovery; some new vitamin, maybe, the cure for

(Continued on page 45)

ROD & GUN

Dan Holland has all summer to hook the "big one that got away".

BY DAN HOLLAND



THE other evening in Vermont while I was fishing my neighborhood stream—a typical trout brook according to the popular conception of such—my mind wandered to some of the extreme

places where trout live, to strange trout and strange waters. I had just caught a brightly-colored little brookie, and that was what started me thinking. By its coloration and conformation it was obviously a mature trout, yet it was barely eight inches long. What a contrast, I thought, to some of his cousins in the north country.

The most northerly trout I ever caught was also the largest. He was the largest I've ever seen, let alone landed. This fish was a near relative of the little brook trout I had just taken, belonging to the same family, the char family; yet he was an enormous creature, as odd in appearance as he was in habitat. If he has a true name, I don't know what it is. The books don't describe him. For lack of a better name, we called him an Arctic char.

We found these fabulous fish near the Arctic Circle in the Pilgrim River, a relatively small stream which meanders through the treeless tundra of the Seward Peninsula north of Nome. Except for an unusual situation it would have been a stream so remote that we couldn't have fished it. Indirectly, the gold-rush provided us with the means to reach it. A narrow-gauge railway for transporting gold ore had been laid across the peninsula years before. It had long been in disuse for its designed purpose, but some fellows in Nome had made the best of the situation by fitting a box-like, gasoline-driven contraption to the old tracks, making a unique vehicle. Realizing that it was a thing of rare beauty, they completed their work of art by painting the craft a bright orange.

Not long after we started clanging and weaving out across the tundra in this home-made trolley, we jumped a sow Alaskan brown bear with a yearling cub. These animals come as near the definition of the word "fearless" as anything on this continent, but our leaping car was too much for them. For as far as we could

watch, we could see the pair of them topping rise after rise toward the horizon. They never slacked speed or even looked back at the horrible apparition.

It was a long and bumpy four-hour journey to the stream, but it was never dull. We flushed flock after flock of ptarmigan. Since it was late August, a few of them were beginning to show occasional white feathers in their plumage. By snowfall they would be pure white. We also passed numerous herds of reindeer, supposedly tame animals belonging to the natives, but wild as whitetails at the sight of our orange jalopy.

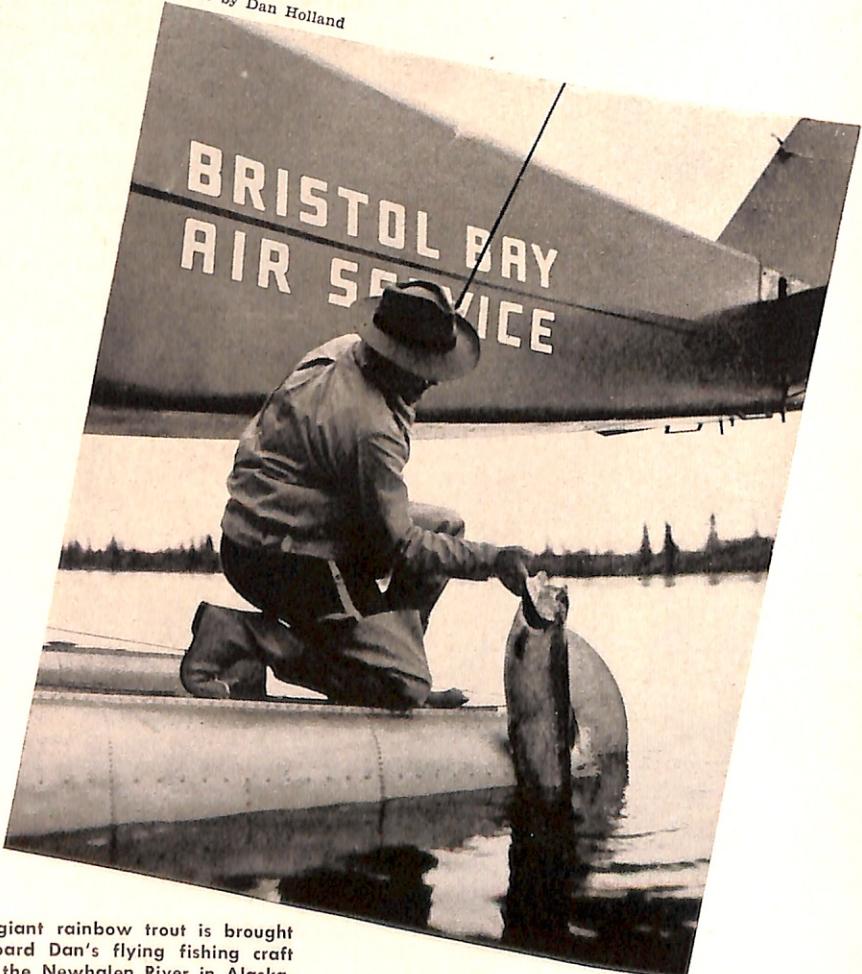
TIME means nothing in the northern Alaska summer. By the clock it was late when we reached the stream, but daylight would be continuous, so it made no difference. The stream flowed gently over a hard gravel bottom, and it was small

enough to be crossed easily at any riffle. Our host, Grant Jackson, hadn't told us that the trout there were particularly big or unusual. These were the native trout of the area, and the local fishermen took them for granted, just as we take for granted the black bass or catfish in the neighborhood pond. It seemed obvious that the trout here wouldn't be very large; the stream wasn't big enough.

The first fish I caught was a Dolly Varden weighing about two and a half pounds. That was normal enough. It was the species of trout I had expected to find, and he was plenty big for the size of the stream. Then, a few minutes later, I hooked a big char. I couldn't believe it when I saw the size of the swirl in the water and caught a glimpse of his gaudy colors as he lunged at the fly. I wouldn't have been much more surprised

(Continued on page 42)

Photo by Dan Holland



A giant rainbow trout is brought aboard Dan's flying fishing craft on the Newhalen River in Alaska.

Salute to Your Secretary

Since it was impossible to find space to publish the photographs of all the classes initiated in honor of the lodge Secretaries, we selected these to represent the events pictorially, covering the others in story form.

Two of the largest were initiated in Pennsylvania—Milton's 211 for A. S. Hoch, a 41-year Elk, and Latrobe's 73 for Alex Gareis. Palo, Calif., Lodge L. G. Randall found 42 men in his group, while 20 were brought into Auburn, N. Y., Lodge for J. Edward Maloney. Zanesville, Ohio, Lodge's 15-year Secy., Benjamin Cohn, had Grand Trustee Fred L. Bohn at his testimonial, while Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner eulogized 21-year Secy. Adam Martin who has secured 1,000 new Elks for Wheeling, W. Va., since he became a member in 1913. P.D.D. C. Dwight Stevens was on hand for Rockland, Me., Lodge's tribute to Secy. J. N. Southard who hasn't missed a meeting in 17 years, and 400 Elks congratulated the 56-man Secy. Robert W. Stuart Class of Binghamton, N. Y. Bronx, N. Y., Lodge's 45-year Elk Fred J. Apple, its Secy. for 15 years, greeted 18 new members in his name. Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge's affair had 667 guests at the initiation of 12 men for Secy. Fred J. Glover, and Oroville, Calif., Lodge's 23-year Secy., W. J. Sharkey, saw 32 new Elks in his class. At San Benito, Tex., 300 witnessed the initiation of the Secy. E. C. Hill Class of 12, and 50 men joined Fargo, N. D., Lodge in tribute to 22-year Secy. Frank V. Archibald. Boulder, Colo., Lodge's P.E.R.'s initiated 41 men in honor of George P. Forsyth; the Cut Bank Team initiated 30 men for Great Falls, Mont., Lodge's Henry J. Angermeier Class, and Wakefield, Mass., Lodge had the State Ritualistic Champions to do the honors for 39 in the class for Wm. M. Kelso, its Secy. for 39 years. Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge's 20-year Secy., C. M. Gilbertson, an Elk for 31 years, shared a program with Old Timers, P.E.R.'s and State Assn. officials. The Towson, Md., Daniel T. Witts Class of 22 included the son of Past State Pres. R. H. Ricketts, whose father is also an Elk, and a large group became Cumberland, Md., Elks in honor to 18-year Secy. James E. Yarnall.

Adding impressively to the Order's membership were the 53-man Joseph T. Raaker Class of Newport, Ky.; 37 in Dover, N. J., Lodge's Vernet N. Hicks
(Continued on page 35)



Above: CARLINVILLE, ILL.

J. W. Frame Class

Below: INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

L. A. Krebs Class



Above: ASTORIA, ORE.

E. O. Link Class

Below: MEDFORD, MASS.

J. J. Ward Class



Above: TOLEDO, OHIO.

F. C. Lawrence Class

Below: KELSO, WASH.

G. E. Secord Class





BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES

LEADERS OF ELKDOM AT WORK

Fourth of a series of articles about the men who serve the Order

IN OUR "Leaders of Elkdom at Work" series of articles continued this month from the March issue, we include three of the Chair Officers, as well as three Committees which contribute importantly to the work of the Grand Lodge.

Board of Grand Trustees

This Committee is the general fiscal agent of the Grand Lodge, with general authority over all its funds and property. The Board prepares the annual Budget of the Grand Lodge and this Budget is subject to approval of the Grand Lodge at its yearly session. A further important duty of the Board of Grand Trustees is to examine into the condition of all lodges

acting under dispensation to determine "whether they have complied with the laws of the Order and are worthy to receive charters". Another important duty of the Board of Grand Trustees is to supervise and control the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va.

In the photograph above taken at the annual meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees at the Elks National Home, members from left to right are: Howard R. Davis, Vice-Chairman and Home Member, Williamsport, Pa.; Sam Stern, Chairman, Fargo, N. D.; Fred L. Bohn, Member, Zanesville, Ohio; D. E. Lamourne, Approving Member, Salt Lake City, Utah, and Thomas J. Brady, Secretary, Brookline, Mass.



GRAND TILER
LOUIS B. BROWNE
Berkeley, Calif.



GRAND INNER GUARD
L. JOHN NELSON
Spokane, Wash.



GRAND ESQUIRE
ROSCOE D. LEEVER
Gary, Ind.



YOUTH ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

Youth Activities Committee

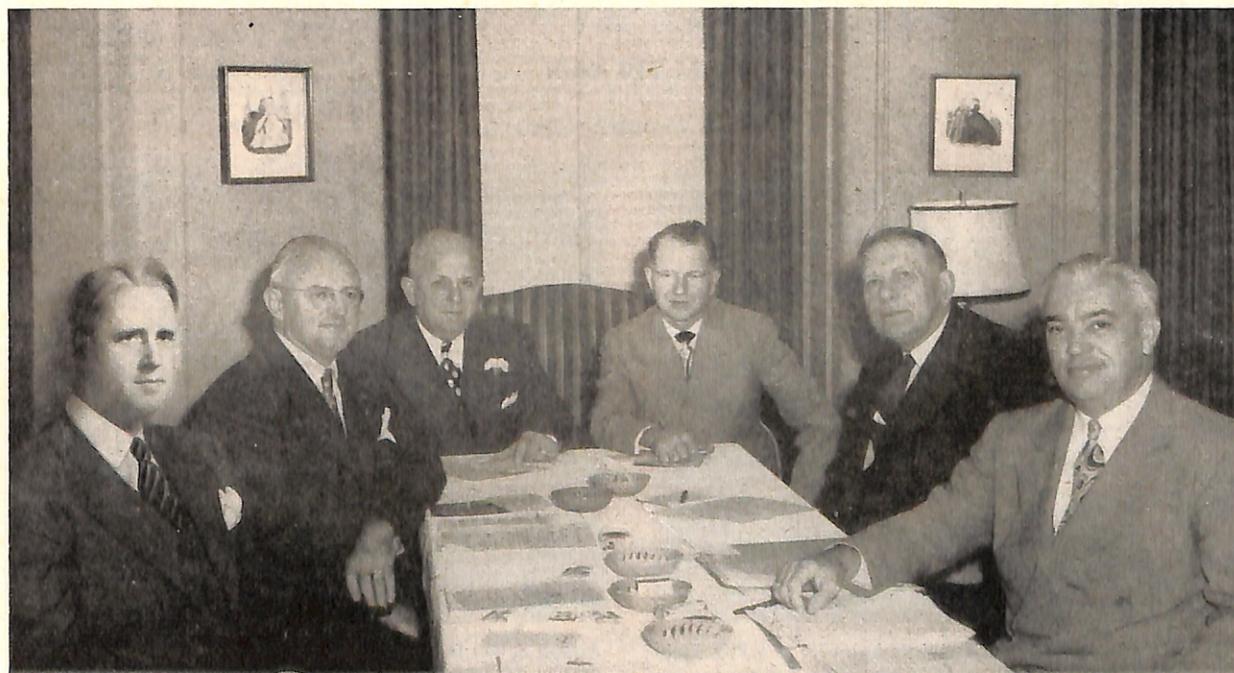
The work of this Committee, which has been increasing in importance notably, is to prepare, supervise and carry on all Elk programs on behalf of the youth of our country. At the present, more than a million young people are benefitting from this contribution of the Order to good citizenship. The programs include Scouting, athletics, Boys Clubs, girls' groups and youth centers, to name only a few. Last year, the Youth Activities Committee received reports from 863 subordinate lodges that have youth programs in action.

Members of the Youth Activities Committee in the photograph above on this page are, from left to right: Boyce A. Whitmire, Hendersonville, N. C. (inset photograph); H. H. Russell, Warrensburg, Mo.; John F. Scileppi, Chairman, Queens Borough, N. Y.; Edward A. Spry, Boston, Mass., and Raymond C. Crowell, Pasadena, Calif.

State Associations Committee

The State Associations Committee has charge of matters pertaining to the organization and government of State Associations. In addition to this primary duty, the Committee prepares material coordinating the activities of the State Associations. Last year, for instance, a handbook to facilitate the establishment of new lodges was prepared, and an Associations Bulletin contest was held. The Committee also works closely with the Grand Exalted Ruler, National Service Commission and Lodge Activities Committee in promoting special events.

Members of the State Associations Committee in the photograph below, from left to right, are: John J. Sweeney, Troy, N. Y.; R. Leonard Bush, Inglewood, Calif.; Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle; M. B. Chase, Chairman, La Junta, Colo.; J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D.; and Joseph F. Bader, Lyndhurst, N. J.



STATE ASSOCIATIONS COMMITTEE

News of the Lodges



Queens Borough, N. Y., Elks Distribute \$150,000 to Charity

Over 100 charitable institutions shared in the benefits of the Charity Bazaar of Queens Borough N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, managed by Chairman Frank J. Rauch, P.E.R., when over \$150,000 was distributed at a special program. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan presided, E.R. Thomas J. Gray delivered the welcoming address and Borough Pres. Maurice A. Fitzgerald extended the greetings of Queens.

Representatives for each of the following organizations were present to receive these magnificent donations:

\$2,500 each

St. John's Long Island City Hospital
Flushing Hospital
Jamaica Hospital
Mary Immaculate Hospital
St. Joseph's Hospital
Rockaway Beach Hospital

Wyckoff Heights Hospital
St. Anthony's Hospital
Queens General Hospital
Triboro Hospital
Queensboro Pavilion for Communicable Diseases
Long Island Jewish Hospital
Catholic Charities of Queens County
Jewish Charities of Queens County
Protestant Charities of Queens County
Police Athletic League

\$2,000 each

American Red Cross
(\$1,000 to Central Chapter
\$1,000 to North Shore Chapter)
Boy Scouts of Queens County
The House of Calvary
Child Caring Institutions of the Roman Catholic
Diocese of Brooklyn for Queens Children

\$1,500 each

The Child Service League of Queens Borough, Inc.
The Particular Council of Queens, Society of
St. Vincent de Paul
Social and Welfare Program of Creedmoor Hospital
Ozanam Hall

\$1,250 each

Salvation Army
St. John's Home for Orphan Boys of Queens County

American Legion Welfare Fund
Ottlie Home of Queens
St. Joseph's Home for the Orphan Girls of Queens County
Israel Orphan Asylum

\$1,000 each

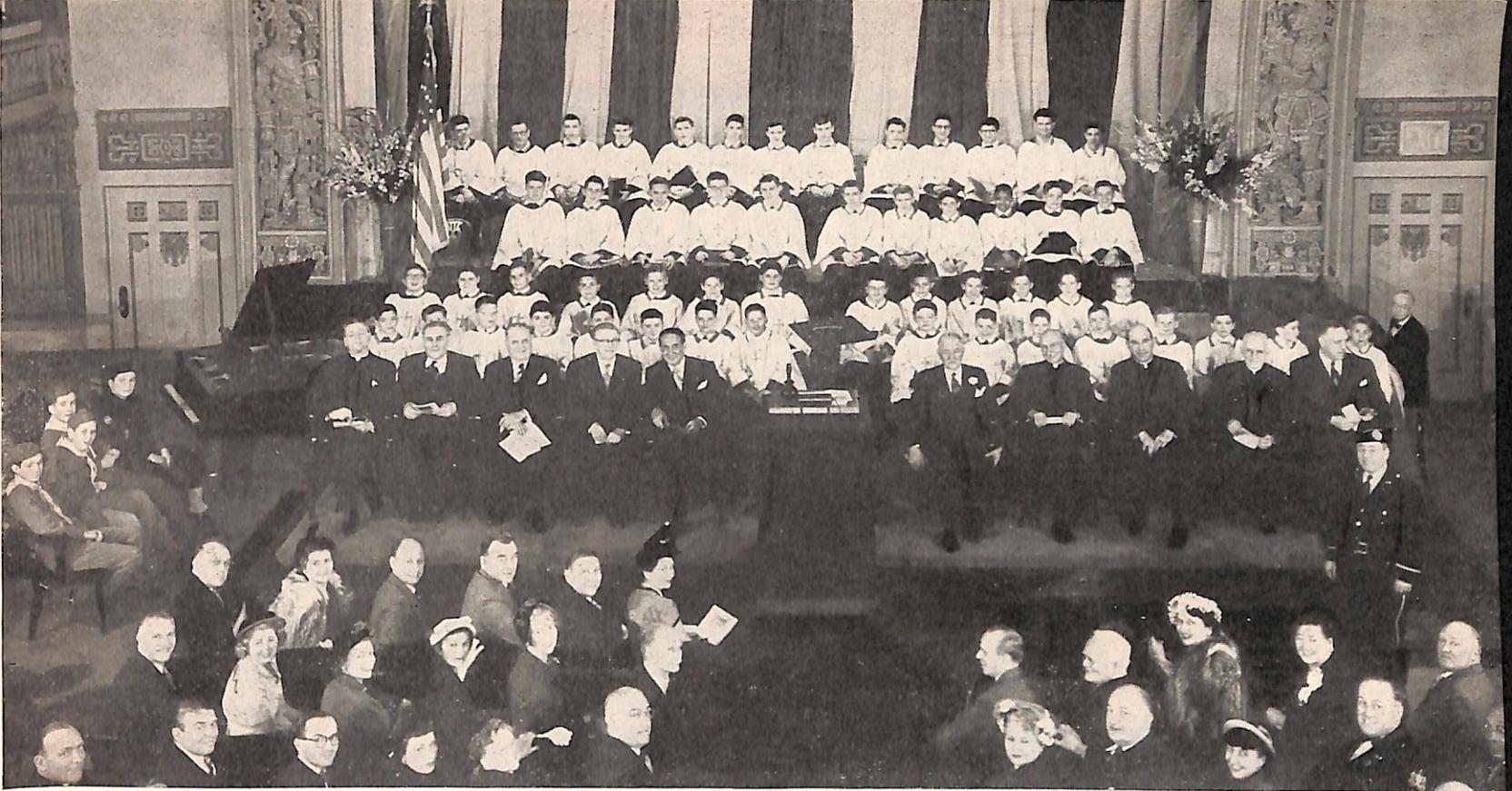
Heart Fund
Y.M.C.A., L. I. City Branch, for Youth Program
Wyckoff Heights Hospital, to furnish room in wing
dedicated to memory of Charter Member and Trustee
Herman E. Ringe
Florence Crittenton League, Inc.
Dominican Sisters
Welfare Fund of the Dept. of Hospitals
Queens Speech and Hearing Center
Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor, L. I. City
Girl Scout Council of Greater New York, Inc.
Bowne House Historical Society
Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor, Jamaica
Dept. of Welfare of the City of New York, for taking
children of Queens to summer camp
St. John's Hospital for Social Service
Queens County Cancer Committee
Little Sisters of the Poor of Queens County
Community Service Society of New York, Queens
Borough
St. Rose's Free Home for Incurable Cancer
Visiting Nurse Service of Queens County
Youth Consultation Service, Church Mission of Help,
Episcopal Diocese of Long Island
Guide Dog Foundation for the Blind, Inc.
Neponsit Beach Tubercular Hospital
Rosary Hill Home for Incurable Cancer



Springfield, Mass., Lodge presents a DeLorme Table to the Bay State Treatment-Training Center, operated by the Bay State Society for the Crippled and Handicapped, Inc. Left to right, standing: Secy. Ralph L. Atkins, P.E.R. George D. Cummings and E.R. Walter J. Woulfe.



Joseph Andrade, second from left, coach of the Boys' Club Team, Community Basketball League Champions, receives the Providence, R. I., Elks' trophy from E.R.-elect J. F. McCarthy. Others are Elk Committee Chairman J. C. Buckley, left; P.E.R. J. F. Duffy, Jr. third from left.



At the Queens Borough, N. Y., Elks Charities Program, seated, left to right, foreground, with the Catholic Diocesan Choristers of Brooklyn at rear: Dr. W. C. Bennett, Rabbi Max Meyer, E.R. T. J. Gray, Hon. M. A.

\$750 each

Y.M.C.A., Fort Totten
Queensboro Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Inc.
Dr. Reuling—Dr. Fineberg Program for Handicapped Children
Queensboro Council for Social Welfare
College Point Community Ambulance Corps, Inc.
Whitestone Community Ambulance Service

\$650 each

Queensboro Home for the Blind, Inc., Queens
Catholic Guild for the Blind
Lutheran Charities, Inc.
Ridgewood Y.M.C.A. Youth Program
St. Charles Crippled Children's Hospital
The Industrial Home for the Blind
Holy Name Center for Homeless Men
Veterans of Foreign Wars, Queens County Council, Welfare Fund
St. Francis Sanatorium for Cardiac Children

\$500 each

Bellevue Hospital, for Retarded Children Program
Merrick Community Center of the County of Queens, Inc.
Social Service Auxiliary of Queens General Hospital
Cerebral Palsy Society of Queens

Motor Corps of Queens General Hospital
Urban League of Queens County
Sister Elizabeth Kenny Foundation, Inc.
Queens County Youth Athletic Center, Inc.
Auxiliary of Triboro Hospital
Community Council of South Jamaica

\$400 each

American Social Hygiene Assn.
Western Queens Nursery School, Inc.
Apostolate for Deaf and Hard of Hearing
Big Brother Movement, Queens
Y.W.C.A. of the Borough of Queens
Poppenhusen Institute

\$350 each

Protestant Day for the Blind
Catholic Day for the Blind
Jewish Day for the Blind
Research on Cancer

\$250 each

Queensboro Tuberculosis and Health Assn., Inc.
Lavelle School for the Blind
Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor
Camp Fire Girls
St. Vincent's Home for Boys

Fitzgerald, New York City's Mayor Vincent Impellitteri, Judges James T. Hallinan, Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. J. Reddy, F. J. Mugavero, Rev. D. P. Coleman, Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee Chairman J. F. Scileppi.

Armenian Welfare Assn. of N. Y., Inc.
Episcopal Sisters of St. Mary's Hospital for Children of Bayside
Y.M.C.A., Flushing Youth Program

In addition, No. 878 gave \$450 to the United Hospital Drive; \$250 each to the Greater N. Y. Fund, the Seeing Eye Foundation and the National Infantile Paralysis Foundation; \$200 to the Emerald Society; \$1,000 to the N. Y. Elks Veterans Service Program; \$1,000 to the Elks Center for Servicemen in New York City; \$5,000 to the Elks' Hospital Room Fund; \$2,000 to the Elks National Foundation; \$10,000 to the lodge's Youth Program; \$2,000 to its Committee for Veterans Entertainment; \$25,000 to the lodge's Charitable and Relief Activities for the ensuing year; \$100,000 was placed in the Charitable Reserve Fund of No. 878.



Two years ago, Newport, R. I., Lodge gave the city an emergency rescue truck. Recorded here is the presentation of a check for additional rescue equipment. Left to right: Fire Chief Abel Eldridge, Elk Louis Biastre, E.R. R. J. Patykevich and Deputy Fire Chief Bill Connerton.



Nearly \$2,000, proceeds of a revue sponsored by San Diego, Calif., is donated to the March of Dimes. Left to right: E.R. W. O. Stratton, Loyal Knight Lt. Col. C. J. Frandell, Elk Committee Chairman, Campaign Chairman Paul Dail, Trustee W. C. Gutjahr, Elk Committee Co-Chairman.



Left: Columbia, S. C., Lodge celebrated the Order's birthday by honoring its P.E.R.'s with the initiation of 27 men. Both groups are pictured here with lodge officers. Among the candidates was the son of District Deputy Marston S. Bell.

Below: The 17-year old Chorus of Fond du Lac, Wis., Lodge, a musical group well known throughout the Midwest, with its accompanist, Miss Beverly Hegstrom.

Below: Delray Beach, Fla., Elks did not overlook the traditional P.E.R.'s Night though they had only one former leader to honor, Rev. Fr. J. J. Kellaghan, seated fourth from left with lodge officials at his banquet.



Above: The Order's Anniversary Class initiated by the P.E.R.'s of Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge.



Above: Officers of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, who initiated a class of candidates in honor of one of them, octogenarian John C. Near, seated second from left, at a special ceremony at Flat Rock, Mich., Lodge. Others seated are E.R. M. V. Mendez of Detroit, left, principal speaker Judge J. H. Payne and E.R. Wm. F. Ritter of Flat Rock, seated third and fourth from left respectively.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Elks Chorus Reviews Successful 17-Year Period

The oldest lodge in Wisconsin, Fond du Lac No. 57, is justifiably proud of its Chorus which is now in its 17th year. Over one-third of the 45 vocalists have been with the group continuously since its inception, and have sung for more than 40 other lodges throughout the country, in 350 concerts.

Directed by Miss Grace Duer and accompanied by Miss Beverly Hegstrom, the club gives a formal concert each year, the proceeds going to the lodge's Crippled Children's Fund. For the past five years the organization has sung with the Chicago Symphony Ensemble and Orchestra, and two years ago was selected as the State's best all-around male chorus. Last year, this talented group promoted and sponsored an All-State Male Chorus meeting, with a reception at the Fond du Lac Elks' lodge home.

STATE ASSOCIATION CONVENTION INFORMATION FOR 1951

State	Place	Date
Oregon	Astoria	May 31-June 1-2
Iowa	Des Moines	June 1-2-3
Maine	Houlton	June 1-2-3
South Dakota	Hot Springs	June 2-3-4
North Dakota	Valley City	June 3-4-5
Texas	Amarillo	June 7-8-9
Utah	Ogden	June 7-8-9
Minnesota	Brainerd	June 7-8-9-10
Idaho	Pocatello	June 8-9
Michigan	Detroit	June 8-9-10
New Jersey	Atlantic City	June 8-9
Nebraska	Scottsbluff	June 9-10-11
Washington	Bellingham	June 14-15-16
Indiana	Washington (French Lick)	June 15-16-17
Montana	Billings	June 21-22-23
Massachusetts	Lenox	June 23-24
Rhode Island	Weekapaug	June 23-24
Virginia	Portsmouth	Aug. 19-20-21
Wisconsin	Baraboo	Aug. 23-24-25
Md., Dela., D. C.	Easton, Md.	Aug. 23-24-25-26
Ohio	Sandusky (Cedar Point)	Aug. 26-27-28-29
Pennsylvania	Williamsport	Aug. 27-28-29-30
Colorado	Pueblo	Sept. 6-7-8-9
California	Santa Monica	Sept. 26-27-28-29
Tennessee	Nashville	Sept. 28-29
Vermont	Windsor	Oct. 19-20-21

Below: When Muskogee, Okla., Lodge donated \$500 to the General Hospital for a baby incubator, it was discovered that they could buy three for that price. Here they are with hospital nurses and, left, E.R. E. A. Meyer and, right, Committee Chairman Wm. Reynolds.



Above: New Smyrna Beach, Fla., Lodge's Entertainment Committee, pictured with Gene Krupa whose orchestra entertained at the benefit dance held for the Boy Scouts, netting \$400. Left to right: Dr. B. Westhoff, H. Colee, Mr. Krupa, E.R. W. E. May, Joe Eskew and L. W. Galbreath.



Some of the satisfied winners in the McAllen, Tex., Elks' Sixth Annual Easter Egg Hunt, with Mrs. George Lee, Pres. of the Elks' ladies group. Over 1,000 youngsters participated, with watchful Boy Scout supervisors.



Below: At a meeting at San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, the Bay Cities Elks Billiard League officers talked over plans for the 1951 season. P.E.R. L. G. Randall of Palo Alto, seated center, presided.



Above: An infant's resuscitator is presented to St. Francis Hospital by Freeport, Ill., Lodge. Left to right: Dr. L. F. Rockey, Chief of Staff; M. G. Miller, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee; Dr. L. P. Bunchman; E.R. Stanley P. Schumacher; Dr. D. J. Doelker; Secy. F. J. Secker and Sister M. Genevieve.

Price, Utah, Elks Receive Gift from Ladies

A prized possession of Price Lodge No. 1550 is the handsome chiming ritualistic clock presented by the Elks ladies. Mrs. Antone Dupin, President of the group, made the presentation at which members of both the Elks and the donors were present. E.R. Harris Simonsen accepted the gift which will hang in the lodge room, adding special significance to the Eleven O'Clock Ritual. As each hour approaches, the clock chimes, and at 11, the timepiece is illuminated in the Order's traditional purple and white.

Eureka, Calif., Elks Aid Town's Blood Bank

The members of Eureka Lodge No. 652 recently donated \$7,300 to the establishment of a blood bank there. P.E.R. Ernest C. Matthews and officers of the lodge presented the contribution, realized through special fund-raising projects inaugurated during the term of P.E.R. C. M. Hansen.

Many Elks have already made blood donations to this much-needed bank to build a reserve stock for those of the township who cannot afford to buy blood, which is available at all times with specially trained attendants in charge.

ELKS
NATIONAL
SERVICE
COMMISSION
ACTIVITIES



With some of the six and one-half tons of material contributed by Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge to VA Hospitals are, left to right: Secy. H. L. Tilley, Chairman J. H. Weldon, E.R. R. W. Patton, D.D. Jim Nielsen and Calif. Elks Veterans Committee Chairman R. N. Traver.



A photograph taken at one of the Oregon Elks' veterans' programs revealed a Life Member of Baker Lodge, right foreground, as a patient.



These attractive Elks' ladies are arranging gifts of cigarettes for hospitalized veterans at a program sponsored by the Colorado Elks.



Trampoline experts go through their bounces to the complete amazement of VA patients at an Illinois Elk program given at Marion Hospital.



Some of the 200 servicemen entertained by Wilmington, N. C., Lodge, with their Junior Hostesses, at a buffet supper given not long ago.

A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler



MY BROTHERS: With Elks, Brotherly Love is more, much more, than just a phrase in our ritual. How much more can be measured by the millions of dollars, and the millions of man-hours, that Elks spend every year to make life better for the less fortunate, the ill, the homeless; to give someone a better chance in life; to build communities, better citizenship.

It can be measured, also, by the way Elks conduct their daily lives in their relations with their fellow men. It is my observation that Elks have learned the virtue of tolerance and kindliness, forgiveness and understanding, and that they practice it to their own great good as well as to the benefit of those who are the objects of it. Of course, let me hasten to add, we all have our human frailties, but, recognizing this, the important thing is whether we endeavor to overcome our imperfections. There are some among us who try more earnestly than others, and some are more successful than others. But I am convinced that the teaching and precepts of Elkdom have helped to inculcate in all of us a deeper appreciation of the wisdom that underlies the philosophy of Brotherly Love, and that this appreciation is reflected in the conduct of our lives.

It has been my experience that in those lodges where the spirit of Brotherly Love is strong there also you will find

the warmest cordiality, not only among the members, but also toward the visiting Elk. These lodges extend a genuinely cordial welcome. Usually there is an active welcoming committee that really works at it and is aided by the members generally. The welcome doesn't end with a friendly greeting at the door, but is manifested in interest and attentions that are shown as long as the visitor remains in the home. That's the kind of atmosphere I like to find in an Elks lodge. I am happy to say that it prevails in most of our lodges and each of us should do our utmost to encourage it everywhere.

★ ★ ★

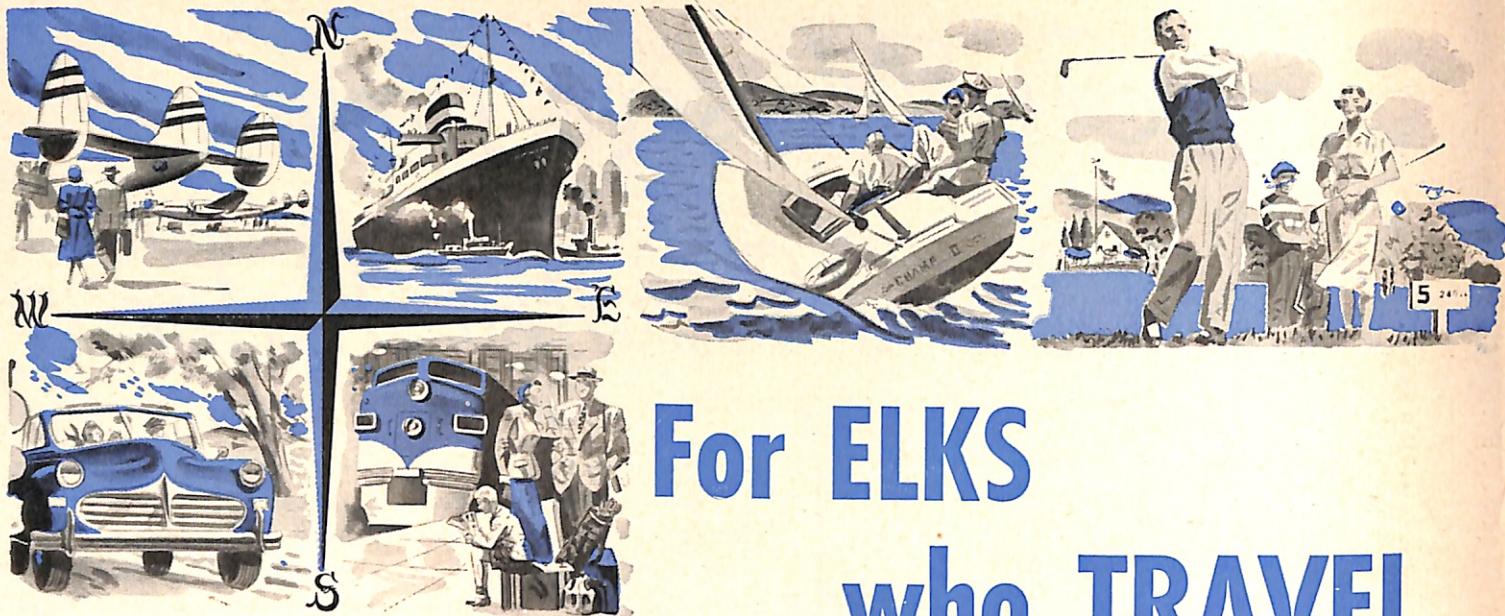
This is the convention season, when most of our State Associations hold annual or semi-annual meetings. These meetings serve a splendid purpose, or rather many purposes. They not only stimulate interest, and bind our Order more closely together in unity of purpose, but also they develop friendships and understanding that strengthen the bonds of Elkdom. I hope that Elks in record numbers will attend every State Association convention and participate in the fellowship that abounds there.

Next month Elks from all over the United States and our territories across the seas will meet in Chicago for the 87th Grand Lodge Convention. Without doubt we can look forward to a tremendous gathering. Our Grand Lodge Conventions are distinguished by their business-like attention to the serious affairs of our Order and its role in shaping our country's destiny. They also demonstrate the great capacity of Elks for wholesome enjoyment of life in the companionship of friends and Brothers.

Our 1951 Convention will leave nothing to be desired and I urge every Brother who can possibly do so to come to Chicago and take part in it.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Joseph B. Kyle
JOSEPH B. KYLE
GRAND EXALTED RULER



For ELKS who TRAVEL

The Great Lakes country has many unusual vacation spots for Convention-bound Elks.

BY HORACE SUTTON



When in CANAL ZONE

Visit beautiful Cristobal Lodge No. 1542, at
Brazos Heights.
Ultra new building, finest accommodations
only a cool ten minute drive from the pier.
Excellent restaurant and bar service with
good food, generous menu and tip-top drinks.

**24 well-equipped rooms,
many with baths.**

Good food in our handsome Rain-
bow Lounge prepared by our own
chef noted for excellent cuisine.

SCRANTON, Pa., No. 123

A few accommodations available.
Advance notice appreciated.



ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., No. 461

One of the Southwest's finest Elks Clubs
offering hotel accommodations.
For men only, with preference given to Elks.
75 well-appointed rooms with or without bath.
Hot and cold running water and telephone in
every room.
Elevator service. Club's own parking lot next to
building. Located in the heart of the business dis-
trict, convenient to everything. Entire first floor
devoted to lodge and club activities. Courteous
attention to guests; every effort made to make
your stay pleasant.

WITH the annual Elks Grand Lodge Convention in Chicago this July, we are offering this month a guide to the high seas and the ports of call in the neighborhood of the Windy City. Before or after the meeting in the big town, convening Elks can take off for the shoreline resorts of Minnesota, the Wisconsin banks of Lake Michigan, the perimeter pleasure lands of Michigan and up Lake Erie to Niagara Falls.

Anyone who has a yen for the bounding main and doesn't want to bound too far from home should consult the schedules of the Georgian Bay Lines, which recently announced trips on the Great Lakes for 1951. A seven-day tour, as an example, puts in at Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Mackinac Island, the Soo Locks and Duluth. The whole junket, returning you to Buffalo, comes to \$119.50, plus tax, a fee which includes your transportation, food and entertainment while you're afloat. Five-day trips between Detroit and Chicago by way of Mackinac Island are \$98 for an outside room and all expenses. You'll find the cruisers equipped with orchestras, sun-, sport-, and observation-decks, ship-to-shore phone service, shows given by the crew, most of whom are college students, and a floating physician, nurse, barber, beautician, valet, photographer and church services. Aside from eating and dancing, you can sun yourself, play shuffleboard, take a deck hike, join the cocktail hour, or just stay asleep in the sack undisturbed by phone, dog, offspring, or conscience.

Heading for Wisconsin by car, rail or bus, for instance, you can zoom up to Milwaukee and make for Door County, a

land of cherries and fish. A long, skinny peninsula, it is flanked by Lake Michigan on one side and Green Bay—made famous by the footballing Green Bay Packers—on the other. About Door County's cherries, their life began when some cherry growers got a look at some of the county's healthy-looking apples at an exposition in Madison. Today, Door County has 8,000 acres in cherry orchards, including the world's largest orchard—1,116 acres which contain 85,000 trees. Visitors are welcome at any of the five plants that process the cherries and a guide is always provided for the tour

FISHING UNEQUALLED

Now about the Open-Door policy on fish. The county admits, without any attempt at self-effacement, that fishing for small mouth bass and yellow perch is unequalled anywhere else. You can start taking bass after July 1, and four and five pounders are not exceptional. Four years ago a six and three-quarter pounder was hauled in. Perch run as long as 18 inches and as heavy as two pounds. Since they are a commercial fish in Green Bay, which produces nearly a million pounds of them a year without affecting the hook and line endeavors, there is no limit. A plug or live bait dropped into a harbor or inland lake might attract a Great Northern pike, a species which runs anywhere from 12 to 25 pounds. If you're planning on a little pre- or post-convention angling, drop a note to the Door County Chamber of Commerce, Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.

Fishermen don't have to feel guilty about hauling the rest of the family up

A Chicago Welcome



MAYOR MARTIN H. KENNELLY

To the Members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

It is a real pleasure for me, as Mayor of Chicago, to greet the members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks through the pages of their magazine and to extend the hospitality of our city to the many thousands of them who are coming here for their 87th Grand Lodge Convention on July 1 through July 5.

Chicago and Chicagoans are proud of our city's many outstanding educational, artistic and civic points of interest for visitors and proud, too, of our unexcelled facilities for accommodating guests upon the occasion of conventions such as yours.

My best wishes for a most successful convention and an enjoyable time during your stay in our city of friendly people.

Sincerely,

*Martin H. Kennelly
Mayor*

the Upper Peninsula and the lower peninsula of Michigan, is one of the most famous resorts in the whole country. There are a couple of things you ought to know about Mackinac—they never pronounce the final “c,” but call it “Mackinaw.” Secondly, no automotive transportation is permitted and you’ll have to get around—after all, grandfather did—by rubber-tired carriage, bicycle, or horse. There is plenty to see on the island, especially the John Jacob Astor House, the 1817 headquarters of the American Fur Company; Old Fort Mackinac built in 1780; and Fort Holmes.

MACKINAW CITY

Mackinaw City, just across the straits, prefers a different spelling. It was settled by the French, taken by the English, burned by the Indians, and, lately, overrun by the tourists. Fort Michillimackinac, where the Pontiac massacre of the British took place, was in Mackinaw City, but subsequently it was rebuilt and skidded across the ice of the straits to the island. You can rent a housekeeping cottage at the Breakers for anywhere from \$5 to \$11 a day.

In Southeastern Michigan, the Port Huron area will be something of a gateway for conventioners coming in from the East over the top of Lake Erie, or, for that matter, for those coming by boat on Lake Erie. The Blue Water Bridge, one

of the most photogenic sights around, links Michigan to the lower reaches of Ontario. Big events of the year are the Blue Water Festival (July 20-22 this year) and the start of the annual Port Huron to Mackinac Island sailboat race on July 21. For a roof over your head, you might look in on the Gratiot Inn near Port Huron, which has the endowments and the equipment to let you boat, bathe, ride, dance, golf, take a hayride or play ping pong.

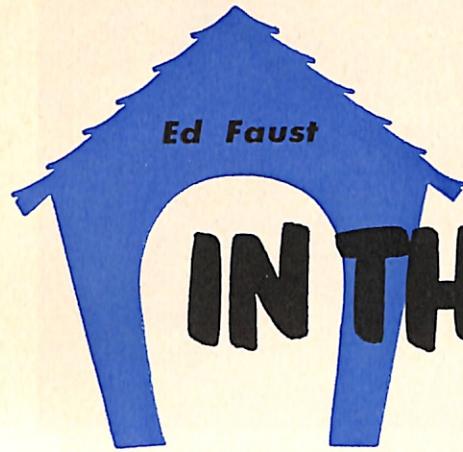
It is really only natural that the ships of the Georgian Bay Line buzz around in Georgian Bay, an eastern appendage of Lake Huron. A favorite stopover point on the bay is Midlands in Ontario, where nearly 100,000 people come every year to visit the Martyr’s Shrine at Fort Ste. Marie. The fort was really an early stockade which housed the first Jesuits who came from France in the 1600’s to teach Christianity to the Huron Indians. The Hurons were comparatively docile, but the Jesuits ran afoul of the rampaging Iroquois, and six of the eight missionaries at the settlement were killed. A church was built in honor of the pioneers in 1926 and Rome canonized them four years later. They became the first Saints of North America, an act which also made a point of pilgrimage of the Martyr’s Shrine. Many cures have been effected here and the crutches and the canes no longer needed by cured pil-

grims hang as they do in Ste. Anne de Beaupré near Quebec and at Lourdes in southern France.

FAMOUS NIAGARA FALLS

But doubtless the biggest attraction on the lakes is Niagara Falls, on the Niagara River between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. There is almost no counting the ways you can see Niagara. You can puff right up to the Falls in a doughty steamer called the “Maid of the Mist”, or you can walk under the spray in an oil-skin slicker. You can stand at the top looking down, and you can stand at the bottom looking up. You can view it from the cabaret of the General Brock Hotel on the Canadian side, and you can slide across the chasm in the Spanish Aerial Car. Finally, you can go over the drop in a barrel, but the view is poor, the ride is bumpy and the chances of being able to tell someone about it later are altogether slim.

PLANNING A TRIP? Travel information is available to Elks Magazine readers. Just write to the Travel Department, Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., N. Y., stating where you want to go and by what mode of travel. Please print name and address. Every effort will be made to provide the information you require. Because of seasonal changes in road conditions, if you are traveling by car be sure to state the exact date that you plan to start your trip.



Did you ever hear of a dog called a Finsk Spetz, an Owtchar—or even a Wachtelhund?

IN THE DOGHOUSE

I THOUGHT I knew quite a lot about dogs, but after receiving the following note, I think I'd better return to school and get my money back. "Dear Ed Faust," it said. "Can you tell me anything about a breed of dog called the Leonberger? I have read about them and learned that one specimen was valued at \$5,000."

Now, facetious letters aren't unknown to me; occasionally readers send them to me in the spirit of good, clean fun; anyone who is permitted to break into print must expect them, and I sincerely hope I can take a ribbing as well as the next guy. One time I wrote something to the effect that a noisy clock will sometimes quiet a fretful dog at night if it is placed near him. You should see the cartoon I received from one of the customers as a result; it's a honey—a strip job showing five views of the sender trying to put a clock in his dog's domicile. The concluding picture shows the artist, disheveled and despairing, and the caption: "Mr. Faust, did you ever try to put a clock in a doghouse?" It was drawn so well that I suspected it came from a professional cartoonist; in fact, I was so convinced of

this that I wrote and asked him to visit my office where I was editing a dog magazine. My letter was returned marked "No such address", confirming my belief that my correspondent was a professional artist who had given a phony name and address. I have the picture hanging in my work room at home.

Anyway, when I first read the query about the Leonberger, I thought I was being kidded and wondered what kind of a berger Leon was—hamburger, nutburger or cheeseburger, but after a little spade work, I learned that there actually was a breed called the Leonberg, named for a certain Herr Leonberg who established it by crossing the Newfoundland with the St. Bernard in order to replenish the kennels of the Hospice of St. Bernard in the Alps. The breed gained some recognition in England and France, and was mentioned briefly in one of the American outdoor magazines as long ago as 1881. While I never saw a Leonberg at any dog show, large or small, I did find out that my good friend Harry Miller of the Gaines Foundation had seen one or two at the recent Chicago show. As you may imagine, the Leonberg is a round-skulled, shaggy dog—a blend of the St. Bernard and the Newfoundland.

Some years ago I wrote about rare

dogs, but confined my essay to those you might see once in a long while at one of the larger shows. While we don't have the space here to describe all the breeds of the world, we can take a look at some that are found in far-off places. For instance, 'way down under, in Australia, there's a fox-like dog known as the Dingo. More wild than tame, he's a red-brown color, has a fox-like coat and tail, and his ears are erect like those of the fox, too. In some ways he resembles the jackal, and while it isn't his nature to bark, when put into association with domestic dogs he does learn to sound off just the way they do. Another Australian pooch is the Kelpie, a solid black dog weighing in at 45 to 55 pounds. He's a sheep-herder, and a mighty useful and intelligent one. His ears are erect, his coat a medium length, and harsh. There's an Australian terrier, too, and it looks something like the Yorkshire terrier, with erect ears, shaggy coat either blue, gray, sandy or red with tan markings. This one is a little fellow, ranging from eight to 14 pounds.

While on that side of God's footstool, let's take a look at an African dog, the Basenji. Although he's a barkless animal, he does make a muffled, yodeling noise when aroused. A hound that has been recognized by the American Kennel Club, he wears a peculiarly worried expression, with a deeply wrinkled forehead—resembling a bank teller who hasn't found that missing dime to balance his books. The Basenji's ears are erect, his tail is curled and his coat is short and silky. A self-cleaning pup, he washes himself the way a cat does, and is said to be free of doggy BO. In the jungles he's used for pointing, retrieving, driving game into nets and pursuing that which is wounded. Any inclination this dog ever had to bark was suppressed ages ago by its native owners who, living where they do, are not given to advertising their hunting forays for certain kinds of game. These dogs are about 17 inches high at the shoulder. They are very rare in this country; in fact, the few specimens I've ever seen were at one of the recent Madison Square Garden's Westminster Kennel Club shows.

Another stranger to our shores is the
(Continued on page 40)



In the jungles, the Basenji is used for pointing and retrieving game.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

(Continued from page 17)



Grand Est. Loyal Knight M. A. deBettencourt, right, presents the gavel of office to E.R. W. R. Staib of the new Pasadena, Tex., Lodge.

Texas Elkdom Welcomes New Pasadena Lodge

Institution of Pasadena Lodge No. 1832 recently was one of the year's bright spots for the members of Houston Lodge No. 151 who overflowed the home of the new branch of the Order. Grand Est. Loyal Knight M. A. deBettencourt installed the new officers, led by E.R. W. R. Staib.

Houston's famous Elkadettes staged a parade down Main Street before demonstrating their well-known drills on the parking space to the lodge home before an admiring crowd.

Pasadena Lodge has started life with 26 transfer dimitis and 81 new Elks.

Buckhead, Ga., Elks' All-Star Golf Match Aids "Aidmore"

A sports event which attracted widespread attention in Georgia recently was the exhibition golf match sponsored and managed by the members of Buckhead Lodge No. 1635. Participated in by Sam Snead, No. 1 pro, and Sam Urzetta, No. 1 amateur, playing against Georgia's Billy (Dynamite) Goodloe and Hobart Manley, Jr., the event was a terrific success drawing 3,000 spectators who saw the Georgia boys win a 2-to-1 victory. Receipts exceeded \$5,000, which went directly to "Aidmore", the Georgia Elks' Hospital for Crippled Children who received personal calls from the golf stars.

Watertown, Wis., Elks Observe Golden Jubilee

When the 50 Anniversary of Watertown Lodge No. 666 came along this year, a gala program was held to observe it. A fine turkey dinner was held, and a goodly crowd was there. Past State Pres. Frank L. Fawcett was the principal speaker, and two Charter Members, Hon. Wm. H. Woodard and William Sproesser, both largely responsible for No. 666's respected position in Elkdom, received Life Memberships and 50-year pins.



Above: Photographed at Oakland, Calif., airport on an official visitation tour to Pittsburg, Walnut Creek, San Rafael and Oakland Lodges were, left to right: Bay Dist. Vice-President P. J. Kramer, State Association Boy Scout and Youth Activity Chairman Wm. H. Burgess, former Chairman Fred B. Mellmann of the Board of Grand Trustees, State President Ben W. Osterman, Grand Tiler Louis B. Browne, Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and District Deputy Earl J. Williams.



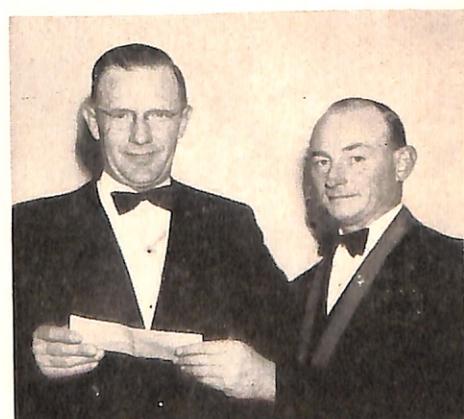
Left: Presentation of Youth Leadership Contest prizes for the section is made at Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge. Left to right: Nancy Roberts, E.R. Wm. J. Brozy, Robert J. Schoonmaker and Committee Chairman Walter J. Ott.



Right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis Night at Whittier, Calif., Lodge, marked the Elks' acceptance of an Explorer Scout Charter. Left to right: E.R. K. H. Barton, John Neyer, Dist. Scout Chairman J. C. Davis and Mr. Lewis.



Honolulu, T. H., Lodge's \$450, inaugurating a fund drive for underprivileged children, is presented to Public School Dist. Supt. Dr. Harold Loper, left, by E.R. Fred Smith, right, as Est. Loyal Knight R. G. Medley looks on.



E.R. Dr. J. M. King, right, presents San Jose, Calif., Lodge's \$1,255 check to State Pres. Ben W. Osterman for the State Assn.'s crippled children's rehabilitation program. The money was realized through the lodge's minstrel show.



These Washington, D. C. Elks attended the lodge's 1951 Old Timers' Reunion Dinner.

Right: Officers of Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge are shown with the large class they initiated in honor of the Order's 83rd Anniversary.



At left are the Old Timers of Appleton, Wis., Lodge who were recently honored by their fellow Elks.



Ashland, Ore., Lodge officers and Outstanding Youth Leadership Contest winners who received \$50 prizes and an engraved trophy on Youth Night. Foreground, left to right: E.R. Delbert Jones, Ted Weitzel, Mary Hillberry and Arthur Ostrander, prize winners, and P.E.R. R. L. Parks, Committee Chairman. E.R.-elect J. S. Reed is on the rostrum.



Opening the Ohio State Elks Bowling Assn. Tournament in Springfield when over 500 teams vied for \$12,000 in prizes were, left to right: P.E.R.'s Donald C. Currey and Otto L. Gebhardt, Tournament Chairman; Assn. Pres. F. L. Kimble, Mayor R. E. Reinwald, State Elks Assn. Pres. Nelson E. W. Stuart and State Assn. Vice-Pres. Willard J. Schwartz.



Everett, Mass., Lodge presents its annual gift to Whidden Memorial Hospital. The gift was the furnishings for two rooms. Left to right: Est. Lead. Knight W. M. Noonan, Asst. Supt. of Nurses Grace Dooley, Supt. Evelyn Morgan and Hospital Board of Management Chairman F. J. Cronin.



Exalted Ruler William J. Braddock, with fellow officers and the lodge Trustees, who are also members of the Building Committee, lays the cornerstone for the new home of Warsaw, Ind., Lodge.



Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall on an unofficial visit to Prescott, Ariz. Left to right, foreground: Lead. Knight G. I. Gardner, Mr. Hall, E.R. C. E. Hunter, State Pres. W. V. Ammons, P.D.D. Lester Ruffner. Behind Dr. Ammons is Past Pres. H. E. Williams with officers of the host lodge.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Elks Mourn Senator Vandenberg

Grand Rapids Lodge No. 48 lost an illustrious member in Senior U. S. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg who passed away April 18th. When he became a member in 1909, Senator Vandenberg gave his occupation as "Manager, *Grand Rapids Herald*" which, while true, did not give the entire picture of his great ability. At 22, Arthur Vandenberg had been given complete charge of the paper's business management, as well as its editorial and

news departments, by its owner, the late U. S. Senator Wm. A. Smith, another active Elk.

In his younger years, before the affairs of state claimed all his time, his Brother Elks were privileged to enjoy the Vandenberg oratory at special Elk functions. He never lost interest in the Order, and this Magazine was proud to print a letter he wrote us in 1948, commending an article on our relations with Russia by William Henry Chamberlin which we had published in September of that year. That a man as busy as this member of the Com-

mittee on Foreign Relations would take the trouble to write such a letter is evidence of his tremendous energy and catholic interests.

At the first meeting after his death, Senator Vandenberg's fellow Elks held a special Lodge of Sorrow in his honor and adopted a formal resolution, officially recording his death, and "forever enshrining his name and his memory in our annals and in our hearts".

Point Pleasant, N. J., Lodge Dedication Program Pleasing

One of the outstanding New Jersey events of recent months was the dedication of the fine new home of five-year-old Point Pleasant Lodge No. 1698. Headed by P.E.R. N. J. Cafarelli, one of the originators of the host lodge, the Committee in charge did a wonderful job in making the week-long observance a memorable one. The first day was devoted to the general public which was invited to inspect the new quarters and enjoy special music during both afternoon and evening; the second day was the Elk families' opportunity to look over the premises, and the third evening was given to the ladies' auxiliary of the lodge. The following evening was Mother Lodge Night, when Asbury Park Elks attended a regular lodge session, during which a Dedication Class was initiated. P.D.D. Joseph Bader, a member of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, was the principal speaker on this occasion. County and municipal officials were special guests of No. 1698 the next evening, and finally, on the sixth night, the actual dedication took place in the lodge room. The ceremonies were conducted by Deputy Grand Lodge officers, State Vice-Pres. Charles Hotaling and Donald Wooley, P.E.R.'s Charles Kind, Frank Graziano, F. D. Makin, George Hirtzel, J. B. Henriksen, Charles Maurer, Ernest Jemison, W. B. Meseroll and Mr. Cafarelli. Special speakers were Grand Treasurer William J. Jernick and Mr. Bader. The last program in the series included a parade in the afternoon, and a dedication ball and entertainment in the evening.

Modesto, Calif., Elks Honor Their Former Leaders

On the 1951 Past Exalted Rulers' Night of Modesto Lodge No. 1282, 22 of the 30 living former leaders were on hand to receive tribute from their Brother Elks. The Dean of this group, 86-year-old Charles Swan who led the lodge in 1912, and 76-year-old Harry Holman, one of the three surviving Charter Members, were given 50-year pins. Mr. Holman had become affiliated with the Order in Spokane, Wash., and P.E.R. Swan first became a member of No. 1282's Mother Lodge in Stockton, Calif. P.E.R. F. R. Whitby received a 35-year-membership pin, and 37 other members, four of them P.E.R.'s received 20-year awards.



Children of St. John's School and Orphanage, sponsored by Westbrook Lodge, Connecticut's youngest branch of the Order, pictured with the athletic equipment given to them by the Elks.



Some of the 250 Explorer Scouts and their young lady friends who were entertained at an "Elkoree" staged by Ventura, Calif., Lodge on National Youth Day. The program included contests, professional entertainment, Scout contests and demonstrations, refreshments and a dance.



This photograph shows the awarding of the Sanford, N.C., Elks Basketball Trophy to the captain of the winning girls' team following a four-day tournament sponsored by the Elks to raise money to send 12 underprivileged boys to the State Elks Camp. Members included in the picture are Tourney Chairman Loyal Knight Harold Floyd, P.E.R. J. M. Cheshire, Entertainment Committee Chairman F. R. Snipes, Jr., and former Trustee Bryant Johnson.

LODGE NOTES

While many lodges are proud of their Secretaries, as evidenced by the hundreds of special classes initiated in these officers' honor or throughout the Order during March, the Elks of **WATERTOWN, S. D.**, are pleased as Punch about theirs. The father of two fine boys, Secy. Glenn Miller suddenly found himself the father of two more, plus a girl, when his wife presented him with triplets recently. Weighing in at a total of 14 pounds, eight ounces, the Miller trio is the first ever born in the city, and Watertown Lodge is quite sure it has the first Secretary ever to boast this accomplishment . . . **RIVERTON, WYO.**, Lodge, instituted in 1946, burned the mortgage on its fine home not long ago. D.D. Gene Meranda, State Pres. Kenneth Schert and E.R. Paul Childs and his officers participated in the happy ceremonies . . . **FREPORT, N.Y.**, Lodge has a very devoted member in 87-year-old William H. Blume, Sr., who was Tiler of the lodge for 25 years, served on many Committees. In his 31 years' affiliation, Mr. Blume has missed only one lodge meeting, during an illness in 1944 . . . **KEOKUK, IA.**, Lodge paid tribute to P.E.R. Dr. C. R. Logan not long ago, when he retired as a member of the Board of Trustees after 14 years, 12 of which he spent as its Chairman. A former District Deputy and Past President of the Iowa Elks Assn., Dr. Logan also served the Order as Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1941. His fellow members presented an Honorary Life Membership to Dr. Logan in appreciation for his untiring efforts on behalf of Elkdom . . . It will please the Order to know that **DALLAS, TEX.**, Lodge's Senior P.E.R., Col. H. A. Craycroft has just celebrated his 97th birthday. His fellow members presented a handsome plaque to him, a pleasant duty for E.R. A. A. McKnight . . . **COLUMBIA, S. C.**, Lodge entertained 3,000 youngsters in a city-wide Easter Egg Hunt this year. Prizes were awarded to successful hunters . . . The 5th Annual Minstrel Show and Vaudeville Revue of **ALHAMBRA, CALIF.**, Lodge was an outstanding success again this year. The minstrel performance had 14 sections to it, while the revue boasted four separate acts.



The candidates initiated on P.E.R.'s Night at Millinocket, Me., Lodge with 13 of the P.E.R.'s.



Well known coaches with Acting E.R. Charles Shultz and guest of honor, Bill Squires, third and fourth from left, respectively, stand behind local high school athletes at the Sports Night program held by Arlington, Mass., Lodge. Seated at right are, first, P.E.R. Joseph Purcell and second, D.D. Eugene Carver, Jr. Squires ran second in the mile at the National Schoolboy Track Meet.



D.D. R. R. Grassau, seated fifth from left next to E.R. William Dorgan, is shown with the officers, P.E.R.'s and new members of Panama Canal Zone (Balboa), C. Z., Lodge during his official visit.



The Harmonaires, a popular local quartet, frequently sing for hospitalized veterans under the sponsorship of Greeley, Colo., Lodge. Left to right: Henry Saltzman, Ted Swanson, Howard Rugh and Harold Akers.

Honolulu, T. H., Elks Aid Underprivileged Children

The Elks of Honolulu Lodge No. 616 won the lasting affection of the underprivileged children of the Islands when they inaugurated a drive to secure money for the purchase of milk for these youngsters. The initial contribution of \$450 was raised by the Elks through a mighty popular softball game between the Elks' All-Stars and a local team of newsmen who called themselves the Press-Radio Bums. Members of the Order "passed the hat" among the spectators during the contest, with much success.

So great was the interest in the game that the lodge promoted two Hula Bowl Football Games, inviting many All-Americans and erstwhile gridiron greats from the States to participate. The game between these luminaries and the local All-Star Town Team brought the finest aggregation of talent in the history of Island football—Sammy Baugh, Kyle Rote, Leon Hart, Chuck Ortmann and many others participated. The \$8,000 net proceeds of these games have made it possible for the Elks to provide cold milk daily to nearly 1,000 children who would not otherwise have had this nourishment.

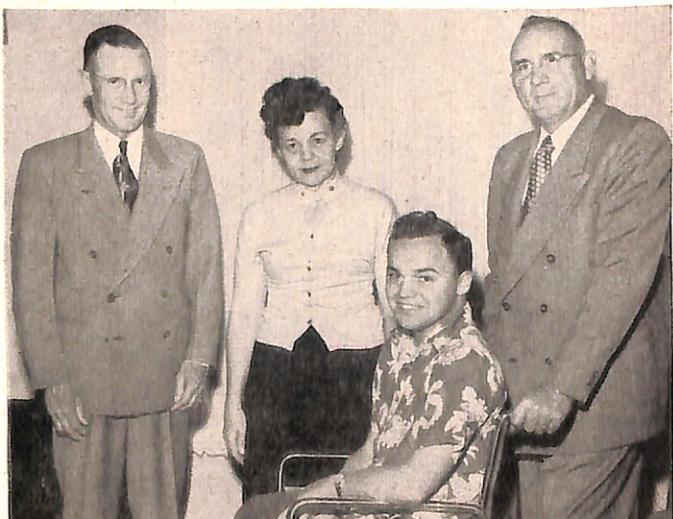
Battle Creek, Mich., Elks Celebrate Golden Jubilee

The home of Battle Creek Lodge No. 131 was the scene of gala festivities recently when the membership celebrated its 50th Anniversary.

The Jubilee dinner attracted a crowd of 425 members, one of the biggest turnouts in the history of the lodge. At the lodge session later, a class of 54 was initiated to commemorate the event.

The Anniversary Ball found 125 couples dancing at the lodge home, which was decorated in the Gay '90's motif.

Below: Norman Nichols, muscular dystrophy sufferer, is seated in front of his mother in the chair presented to him by Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge represented by State Pres. Ben Osterman, P.E.R., left, and Lead. Knight R. D. Marsile.





Left: Dickinson, N. D., Lodge's "Past Exalted Rulers Night" was enjoyed by these former leaders on hand, foreground, with current officers and 13 newly initiated members in the background.

Ogden, Utah, Lodge's Old Timers' Night a Success

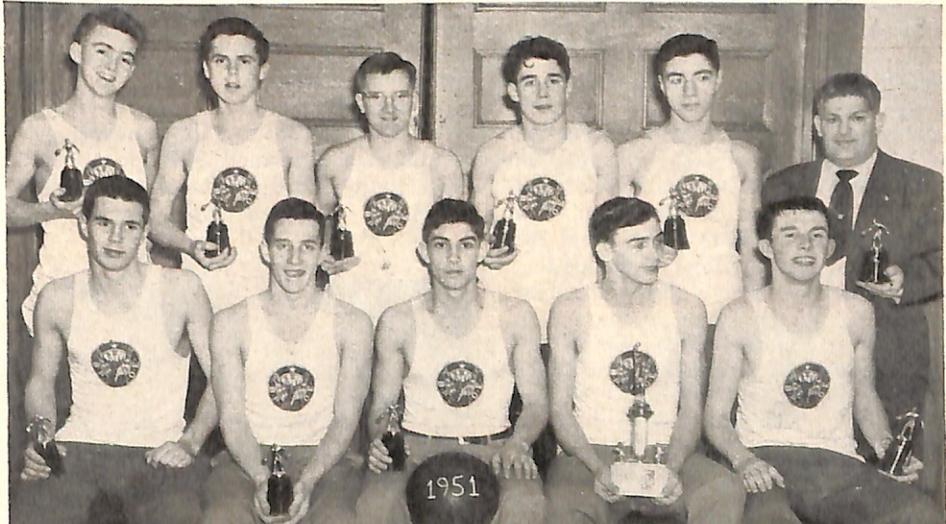
Ogden Lodge No. 719 knows how to make its Old Timers feel wanted, as evidenced by the increased attendance at its special meetings in their honor. This year's affair found 80 Elks of more than 25 years' standing being welcomed by a large group of younger members, who provided red carnations for the guests of honor and a fine banquet. At a lodge meeting later, the older Elks impressed their hosts with a period of interesting reminiscences during which P.E.R. D. L. Stine called on P.E.R.'s J. A. Howell and A. E. Becker, one of the three surviving Charter Members, and Rev. Fr. Brusatto, a new Elk, who spoke briefly.

Eugene, Ore., Elks boast Expert Keglers

Eugene Lodge No. 357 is mighty proud of its bowling league. Besides having its own 20 teams, the lodge sponsors a women's league of 18 groups; all operate on a handicap basis. This year Eugene Lodge held a three-weekend All-State Bowling Tournament in which more than 80 teams participated. During this period, No. 357 entertained its guests at special affairs, winding up the season with a banquet. Incidentally, two Eugene teams entered the Oregon State Elks Bowling Assn. Turney at Oregon City, and its Class B group won the championship with a higher score than was recorded by any Class A team.



Below: On "Youth Activities Day", nearly 600 youngsters were guests of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge at an entertainment program.



Above: Here are the Keene, N. H., High Jayvees, the basketball team sponsored by the local Elks, who won the third Twin-State Tournament Title, breaking four records to roll up the average of 81 points a game.



Left: Heppner, Ore., Elk officers and the 29 new Elks who were initiated on the lodge's 54th Anniversary in honor of George Delbert Smith, standing left rear, who turned in the greatest number of membership applications.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 6)

dignitaries included Boyce A. Whitmire of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, State Assn. Pres. J. Max Rawlins, D.D. Philip N. Peacock, Jr., and P.D.D.'s C. V. DeVault and N. P. Mulvaney, all of No. Car., and D.D. M. S. Bell and others from So. Car.

Continuing his Southern tour, the Order's leader called at "Aidmore", the crippled children's hospital maintained by the Georgia Elks, accompanied by Edward A. Dutton of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Roderick M. McDuffie, a former member of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, D.D. E. C. Sowers, P.D.D. R. G. Pruitt and E.R. Edwin L. Swain of Buckhead Lodge.

Accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland and Mr. Dutton, Mr. Kyle was entertained by the members of DOUGLAS LODGE NO. 1286. This group also visited VALDOSTA LODGE NO. 728 in the company of Grand Chaplain Rev. Father James E. King, before going on to visit the members of DUBLIN LODGE NO. 1646.

Mar. 17th found Mr. Kyle as the guest of honor of JACKSONVILLE, FLA., LODGE, NO. 221, at a gala dinner, after which the Grand Exalted Ruler and his wife were entertained at the Elks' annual St. Patrick's Day Dance in the lodge home.

The second Florida lodge to receive a call from the Order's leader was DAYTONA BEACH LODGE NO. 1141, where, on the evening of the 18th, he addressed a large gathering, including E.R. R. N. Graham and his officers. On the 19th, the members of ORLANDO LODGE NO. 1079 welcomed the travelers. On behalf of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children, owned and operated by the Florida Elks Assn., Mr. Kyle accepted a \$3,500 check from the lodge's Tangerine Bowl Commission. This contribution brought the lodge's total contribution to the Home to more than \$15,000 over a period of five years. On this occasion, the Grand Exalted Ruler met with officers and members of the new WINTER PARK LODGE NO. 1830. This lodge has grown in a few months from 14 to

150 members, the second big class being initiated that day in honor of Mr. Kyle.

On the afternoon of the 20th, the Order's leader visited WEST PALM BEACH LODGE NO. 1352, and later saw a handicap race run in his honor at the Gulfstream Track, after which he presented a silver plate to the owner of the winning entry. In the party were W. A. Wall of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, State Pres. Arthur C. O'Hea, D.D.'s W. E. Poland, Jr., and James P. Wendler.

On the 22nd, the Kyles were guests of MIAMI BEACH LODGE NO. 1601 when 300 local and visiting Elks, led by Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, heard Mr. Kyle's stirring address. E.R. Harold Spaet presented his lodge's check for the Elks National Foundation to the guest of honor, and then gave State Pres. O'Hea a \$3,000 check for the Harry-Anna Home.

During his Florida sojourn, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his lady stopped at the Thomas A. Edison home. Welcomed by a motorcade outside the city by a group of Elks of FORT MYERS LODGE NO. 1288, led by E.R. T. Porter Bartleson, accompanied by D.D. Victor W. Kuhl and P.D.D.'s R. V. Lee and Fred M. Lowdermilk, the visitors were escorted to the Edison estate where they toured the interesting gardens. That evening the official party was entertained lavishly by Fort Myers Lodge at an old-fashioned fish-fry on the lawn of the home. The local high school band, sponsored by No. 1288, furnished music for the occasion.

On the 24th, prior to visiting TAMPA LODGE NO. 708 for a gala banquet, the Indiana travelers and D.D. and Mrs. Kuhl, stopped at the home of BRADENTON LODGE NO. 1511 where they were wel-

comed by E.R. J. E. Pratt and E.R.-elect D. M. Dickens and about 50 other Elks.

Before leaving the State on the 26th the Order's leader visited PENSACOLA LODGE NO. 497 for an afternoon meeting, and then proceeded to MOBILE, ALA., LODGE, NO. 108, where he was honored at a dinner and dance, attended by several hundred Elks and their ladies from Gulfport, Biloxi and Pascagoula, Miss., and Tuscaloosa and other Ala. lodges. Among them were D.D. Bernard Rosenbush, Jr., Special D.D. W. A. Rexer and Special Representative Floyd Brown.

The last day of the month found Mr. Kyle at SHELBY, MONT., LODGE, NO. 1696, where he participated in the dedication of the lodge's handsome new building at ceremonies attended by many officials from Shelby and neighboring cities.

Early in April, Mr. and Mrs. Kyle journeyed to Alaska, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Emmett T. Anderson, to be graciously and happily entertained at a week-long series of events given by ANCHORAGE LODGE NO. 1351, FAIRBANKS LODGE NO. 1551 and JUNEAU LODGE NO. 420.

Returning to the State of Washington, Mr. Kyle was entertained at a banquet and meeting given by SEATTLE LODGE NO. 92 and BALLARD (SEATTLE) LODGE NO. 827 on April 10th. This program was participated in by P.E.R.'s and officers of all lodges in the Washington N.W. District, including Mr. Anderson, Edwin J. Alexander of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, John E. Drumrey, former Chairman, Board of Grand Trustees, State Pres. Eugene Metzger and D.D.'s Maxwell Loomis and F. G. Warren.

(Continued on page 35)



Right: Mr. and Mrs. Kyle and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson, foreground, with Anchorage, Alaska, Elks, look over a pair of octopi brought in by two Eskimos for their inspection.



Left: At the new home of Charlotte, N.C., Lodge, left to right, foreground: P.E.R.'s F. T. Broome and Leon Lawrence, E.R. H. L. Estridge, Mr. Kyle and P.E.R.'s J. L. Wolfe and C. D. Thomas. Rear: P.E.R.'s E. D. Grady, J. L. Parker, J. R. Cherry, K. C. Miller and B. A. Whitmire of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee.



Left: The distinguished visitors from Indiana are pictured with Elks and their ladies at Bradenton, Fla., Lodge's gala reception.



Below: At the Thomas A. Edison estate in Fort Myers, Fla., the Elk officers stand behind, left to right: D.D. W. E. Poland, Jr., Lead. Knight Wm. Wiggins, Mrs. Poland, Mrs. Kyle, Mrs. William Wall, Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee Chairman Wall and P.D.D. R. V. Lee.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler's party arrives in Fairbanks, Alaska, for an official visit, to be greeted by a delegation of local Elks.



Below: Seated, left to right, with the officers of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge are D.D. Hugh Vaughn, Mr. Kyle and E.R. R. N. Graham.

Below: The Order's leader is seated third from left with Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz on his right and dignitaries who honored him on his visit to Miami Beach, Florida, Lodge.



Below: At Shelby, the Kyles renew an acquaintance with Elk Louis Scharrer, leader of Great Falls, Mont., Lodge's "German Band".



Above: Mr. Kyle poses with Spokane, Wash., Lodge's Lead. Knight James Austin, left and Chaplain Don Lussier, right. Rear, left to right: Loyal Knight Walter Ward, Lect. Knight Phil Otis and Esq. Seaton Daly.



TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

ON THE rolling acres of the National Institute For Health, north of Washington, a great building is fast taking shape. It is the National Clinical Center for Chronic Disease Research. There is no other hospital like it in the world. The structure of 14 stories will have 500 beds, occupying one third of the space, for specially selected patients. The other two thirds will be for research laboratory work. There will be 130 mental health patients, 125 cancer cases, 100 heart sufferers, 75 metabolic diseases and 50 microbiological, infectious and tropical diseases. The patients, selected for research, will receive free treatment. Their rooms will be super-modern, with every device and comfort, including television. Close to each section will be the laboratories where scientists will strive to find the answers to the chronic disease problems. There will be special protection for those who work with highly infectious diseases, as well as those working with radio-active substances. The chapel of the clinic has a revolving altar so that it can be quickly transformed for services for Protestant, Catholic, Jewish and non-sectarian worshippers. Most unusual of all is the arrangement of the walls, which can be removed or changed to suit various emergencies. In case of an atomic attack on Washington, the hospital can care for between 3,000 and 4,000 bomb victims. It will be finished and opened some time between July and December, 1952. Here the answer to cancer, polio, heart disease and virus infections such as flu and the common cold may be found.

WONDERFUL GOVERNMENT

In the handbook, "ABC's of Mending", costing a dime, your Government is ready to tell you how to mend the rip in your pants. Every housewife needs it, says the Superintendent of Documents. If you're interested in how to buy a man's suit and get the most for your money, there's a handbook available for 15 cents—lots of other little booklets, too, ranging all the way from "how to detect counterfeit money" to "how to prospect for uranium" which Uncle Sam needs to make atom bombs. Still the best seller by millions of copies is the book on "Infant Care",

first issued in 1945. Selling at 15 cents, it has been a revenue producer and circulation still is increasing. On all Government booklets, the address is Supt. of Documents, Washington, D. C.

FEDERAL EMPLOYES CODE

Out of all the exposés of huge profit-making deals in Government surplus, of "influence" peddling, fat commissions and tie-ins between politicians and gamblers and racketeers, may come a new code of ethics for Government employes. The sensational revelations in many cases showed that perfectly legal methods were used. No law had been violated, because those concerned were careful to operate within the law. However, just how far a person should go in using influence to build up big profits is something to consider. Out of the Kefauver and Fulbright investigating committees may come a recommendation for a code of ethics to which all Government employes, even those appointed to office, will be asked to subscribe.

NEW SYNTHETIC RUBBER

Not for a long time has the U.S. Agricultural Research Administration unveiled anything as important as Lactoprene BN. It is a new synthetic rubber with amazing qualities which, for certain purposes, excel both natural rubber and other synthetic rubbers. The new product takes temperatures of from 300° above to 30° below Zero without change. In other words, heat and cold do not affect it. Moreover, the new product resists dry heat, water, oil and grease and apparently does not weaken with age. Later on you will probably get it for refrigerant seals, gaskets, linings for fuel tanks and for oil seals in automobile transmissions. What's it made of?—milk and corn sugars.

MESSENDER BOY BLUES

Looks like the messenger boy (or girl) may soon be out of work in big cities. Western Union has a new gadget, a "desk-fax", which sends or receives messages right on your desk. It's a little box taking up less than a square foot of space. You wrap your message, either

written or typed, around a metal cylinder, put it in the box and press a button, and the message goes by facsimile to the central office, where it is recorded. To receive a message, you place an electro-sensitive paper on the cylinder in response to a buzzer signal, press a button and there's your message in picture form. Many Government offices now have the machines. They can't do one thing, however—sing "Happy Birthday To You."

WAR TARGET CITIES

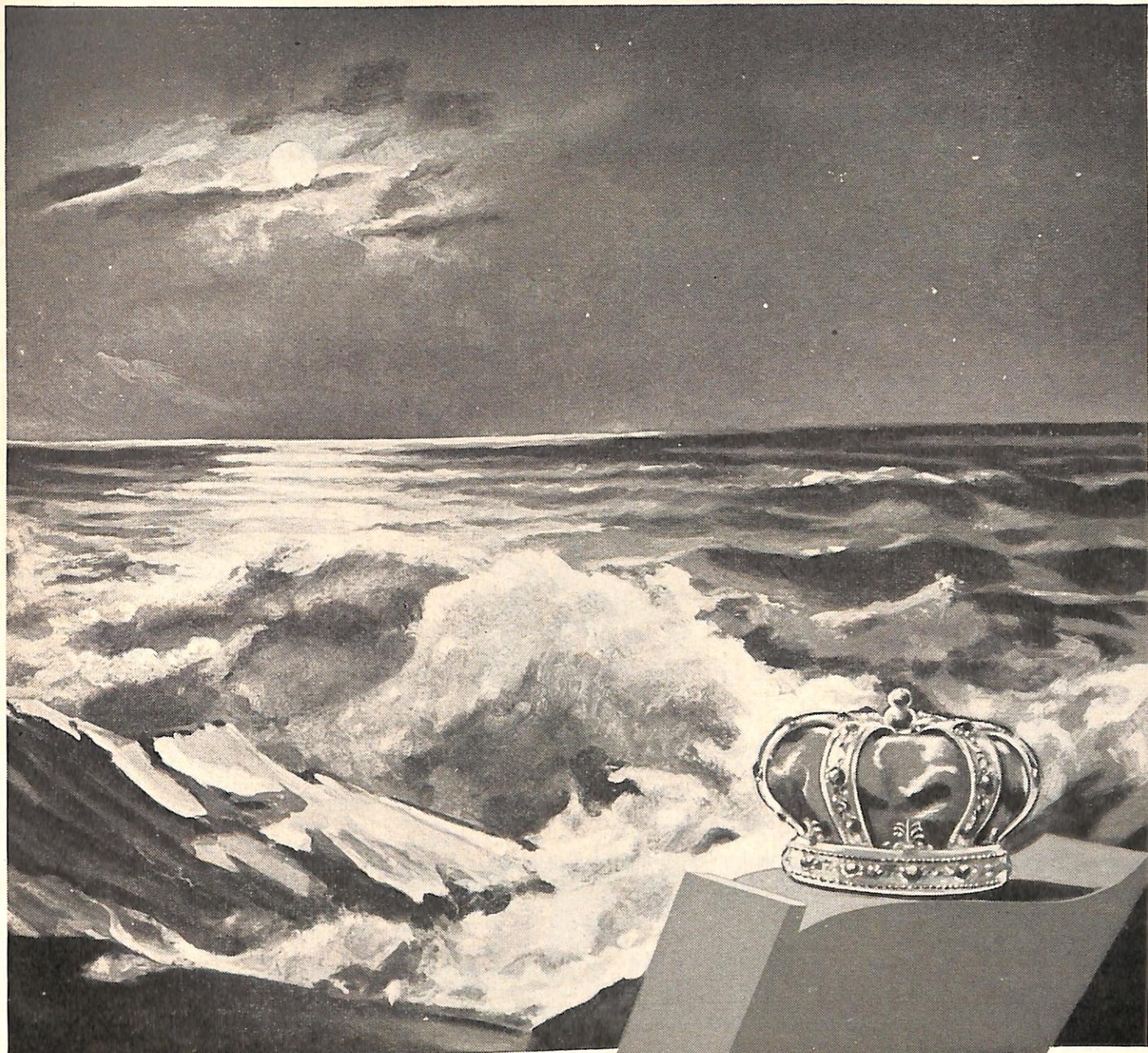
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Chalk up another win for Yankee ingenuity. The U.S. Army is making steel cartridge cases for both small arms and artillery ammunition, replacing hard-to-get brass. Millions of pounds of copper and zinc will be saved for more important uses. Steel cases were tried in World War II but were not satisfactory. They split and enlarged when fired, making extraction from the gun barrel difficult. Through continued research, the army now has a steel shell just as good as brass. It's one of the important achievements of the defense effort.



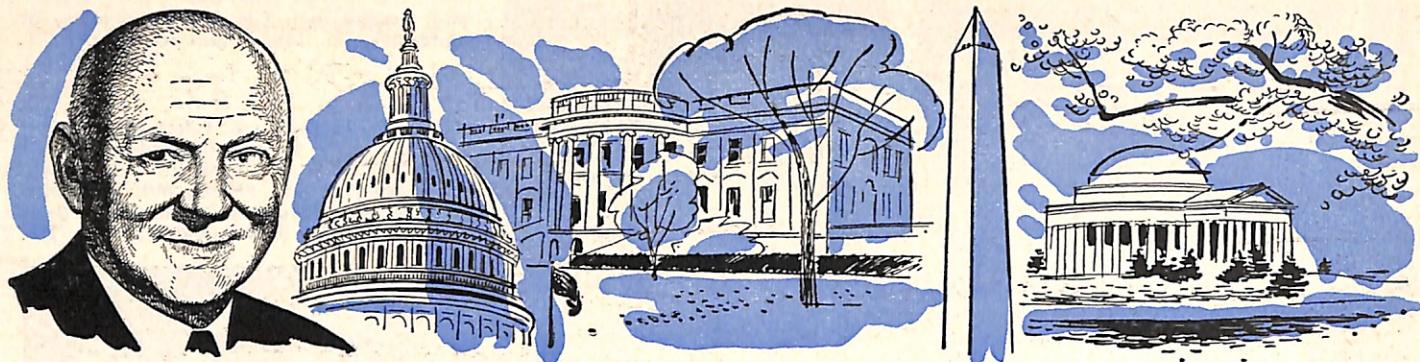
Sure as the Tides

Only a few things made by man are as *Sure* as the tides. Of that proud few, Seagram's 7 Crown is one...because, the perfect quality of every single drop can be predicted...with absolute sureness.

Say Seagram's and be Sure



SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK



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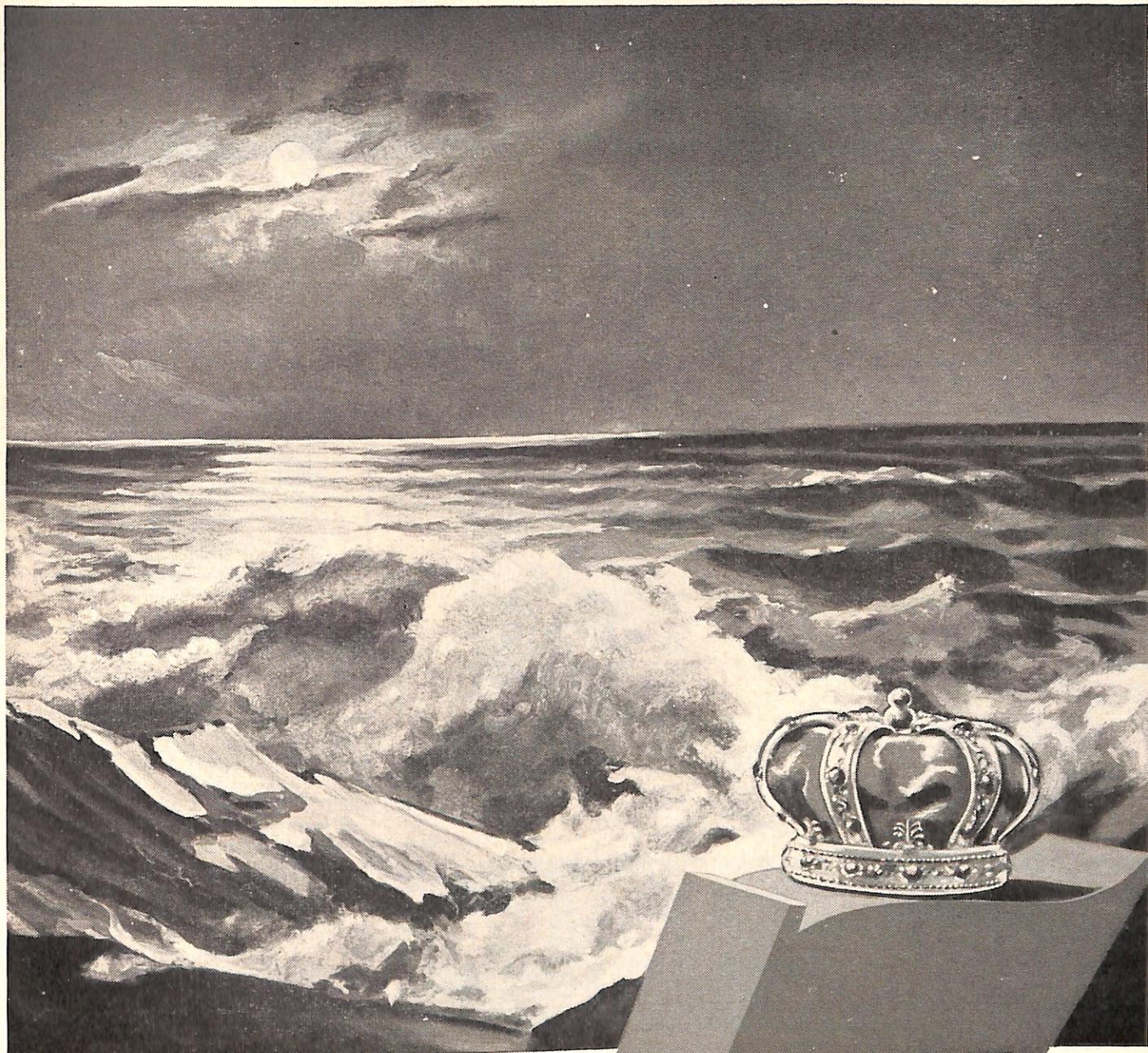
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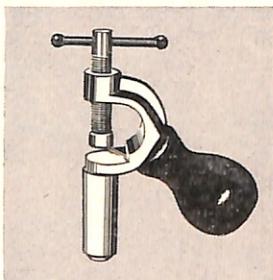
Say Seagram's and be Sure



SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

GADGETS & GIMMICKS

ONE problem common to the American scene and car is the car door that doesn't close, even when slammed. With all other doors and the windows closed, a person trying to shut the last door will have obvious difficulty with the air pressure in the car, since the only escape hatch is the opening that he is trying to close. Hence the trouble, and the necessity, for a car-shaking slam. Now, here is a ready-made escape hatch—a small vent, easily installed, that handles the air pressure. The entire mechanism is mounted under the hood on the partition between the motor and the interior of the car. Five $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch holes are drilled in the partition. When the car door is closed, the built-up interior pressure is expelled by a bellows mechanism. After the car door is closed, the bellows closes by spring action, sealing the car again. It is particularly good on new cars that are tightly sealed.



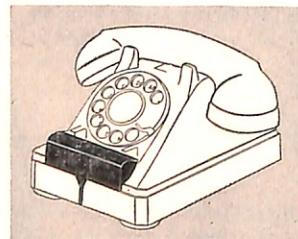
THE trouble with amateur carpenters is that they're amateurs. In short, it takes more than enthusiasm to turn out a good piece of carpentry work; it takes skill, which is a quality so often lacking in the ardent neophyte carpenter. For example, take a simple job of planing. You have two things to accomplish: smoothing the edge of the board and making that edge square with the other surfaces. The smoothing is simple but the squaring away causes trouble. Here is an item that comes to your rescue. It is a small clamp-on device that fits either the right- or left-hand side of a plane and, when secured in place, holds the plane precisely at right angles to the vertical surface of the board. A roller glides along as you move the plane along the edge of the board. When ordering, specify the size of your plane.

SINCE fishing is the nation's Number One sport, chances are that there are a good many short fishermen in the group. This is for them. It is also for any size fisherman who has been stymied by a deep channel in a stream or pond—beyond the depth of his waders, or even his chin. The item itself is a float which,

when properly inflated and in place, permits an angler with waders to proceed safely in deep water, floating along and fishing to his heart's content. It also is a boon to fishermen who, though they don't care about getting in over their heads, spend much valuable time scrabbling for a footing on rough rocks in swift water. The float is 34 inches across, weighs $7\frac{3}{4}$ pounds and comes equipped with shoulder straps and an adjustable seat slung 6 inches below the bottom of the "boat".

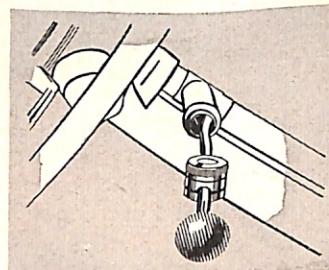


MORE tourists are headed for Europe and South America this summer than ever before. If you're not among them, the chances are you know someone in that lucky group and can save them a lot of unexpected frustration. Here's how: Among other things that will be strange and different are the electric plug outlets in foreign countries. To be precise, electric irons, radios, and particularly electric razors made here have plugs that won't fit the outlets abroad. But with this small kit of adapters, U. S.-made appliances can be plugged into sockets from Pakistan to Liberia and work very well, thank you. In addition, there is a special shaver cord that reduces a 220-volt power supply (very common abroad) to the more familiar American 110-volt system. The other adapters do not do anything to change the voltage; they simply permit connection—not an inconsiderable service.



IF YOU have a square-type phone in your house you're lucky. The reason you're lucky is that this item fits that kind of phone. Item: A small, attachable light that goes on when you lift the receiver to make a call, and as neatly goes

out when the receiver is placed on the stand. It makes for quick, easy dialing without other lights. It is ideal for phones located in dimly lit places, for use at dusk or on dark days and for people who don't see well. Needless to say, it takes only a minute to install.



MANY fortunate motorists have overdrive on their cars and find it saves them a good deal of gas money. Current versions of this money-saving device, however, give inexperienced drivers a bit of trouble getting into and out of overdrive. Now there is a new little mechanism easily installed on your car in only 15 minutes. With this gadget, you can shift into overdrive while in any gear and at any speed. A flick of the finger is all that's required. This, believe it or not, gives your car six forward speeds: three in regular gear and three in overdrive. So confident are the manufacturers that they offer full refund of your money if you're not fully satisfied.



HERE are two items for your summer pleasure. The pleasure referred to is the "cool drink" pleasure of hot days aboard a hammock or alongside a lounge chair in the shade. The first item is a new and useful ice-making tray that, with individual round cups, permits you to ice one or two drinks without struggling in the summer heat with the solidly frozen old-fashioned trays. In fact, you can freeze more than ice in these cups. Coffee, tea, fruit juices, etc., can make them a veritable wellspring of cool drinks throughout the summer. To remove a cup you simply pick it out of the tray with nimble fingers and turn it upside down over the glass. The heat of your hand loosens the frozen contents and it slides easily into the glass. A very neat

(Continued on page 44)

Salute to Your Secretary

(Continued from page 11)

tribute; a 15-member group in Chico, Calif., Lodge's T. L. Bohlander Class; Davenport, Ia., Lodge's 16 new Elks for Paul E. Conway; the 20 Minot, N. D., Elks honoring Olaf Arneberg; Prescott, Ariz., Lodge's dozen Dan. F. Thompson initiates, and six-year-old McAllen, Tex., Lodge's nine Harry Kunce Elks.

FLAG DAY REMINDER

Chairman Robert L. DeHority of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Box 87, Elwood, Ind., requests that immediately after Flag Day, all lodges send him a report covering their observances.

A story on the Committee's decision as to the outstanding ceremonies will be published in a forthcoming issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

Life for Lefty

(Continued from page 5)

He had received—perhaps as a dividend of a once-great reputation—some tentative offers from a gentleman representing SPORTSMAN'S SHAVING SOAP to do an out-of-season telecast on sports. But clearly now, after his dismal, bone-headed performance of today, the offer would be withdrawn.

"Here I am in mid-July," Willy Dexter continued, "two games behind those gorillas from Boston, with a pitchin' staff I couldn't trade to the Y.W.C.A., an' you have to get funny with Hogan. What do you think I dug a dead-armed relic like you out of the bushes for—laughs?"

Lefty failed to reply.

"We needed a left-hander so bad," Dexter said, "that I was gonna make an offer for Harry Truman the last time we passed through Washington. The only thing stopped me was our Republican Board o' Directors."

There was really nothing he could say to Dexter or the team. They all knew his story. He wore the indelible stamp of the clown. The escapade that had ruined him five years before had filled a thousand columns in the papers. He'd been the fastest pitcher in the league and had won 28 games in his next-to-last season. He'd become engaged to a girl named Marcia Hodges, of their native Textile City, and had celebrated the impending glad event; he had done the job too gaily and too well.

On 42nd Street, one early morning, he had seen a case of grapefruit spill from a passing truck. In a raw April rain, with his jacket removed, though warm inside with spirits and romance, he had joyfully heaved strikes with the heavy

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Free Examination! Send No Money—No C.O.D.

Read my liberal offer in coupon. No strings to this (the genuine matching key-case is yours whether you keep the HALVORFOLD or not)—just send the coupon and your HALVORFOLD and key-case come by return mail. No C.O.D.—no payment of any kind. Examine the HALVORFOLD carefully, slip it in your passes and cards and see how handy it is. Show it to your friends and note their admiration. Compare it with other cases at \$10.00 and over (*my price to you is only \$4.90*). No obligation to buy. I trust Elks as square-shooters and am so sure that the HALVORFOLD is just what you need that I am making you the fairest offer I know how. Don't miss this chance.

Send Coupon Now—Today!

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This Genuine Cowhide Key-case with your name in Gold for the privilege of showing you the
H. L. E. L. V. O. R. F. O. L. D. H. A. N. D. I. E. S. C. O. V. E. R. S. K. E. A. S. F. O. R. K. E. E. P. S. 4 keys on strong
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HALVORSEN, P.C.M.—Station G—Dept. 48, Jacksonville, Fla. Send me one HALVORFOLD for free examination, with name, address etc. (3 1/2" x 5 1/2") as per instructions, before I mail FREE key case. If I decide not to buy the HALVORFOLD I'll return it at your expense within a week and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send your special price of \$4.90. Either way the key case is mine to keep free. HALVORFOLD comes regularly for 8 passes, for 12 pass add 25c, 16 pass 50c. Check Square for Tan Russet Pigskin Black Cowhide For protection mention here your Lodge.

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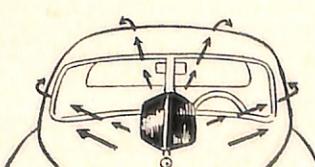
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grapefruit—first at the picket fence in Bryant Park, and then at the cops who tried to intervene. It had ruined not only his reputation as a responsible citizen, but also his pitching arm. Something had snapped inside of it. The "whip" was gone and, in logical, bitter sequence, so was his career. He had not gone back to Textile City of his own choice when the Clippers dropped him from the team; and he never thought it would be difficult for Marcia to guess the reason why.

Absent-mindedly now, remembering this, and sitting on the bench beside his locker, he began to juggle some shiny baseballs in the air with effortless skill. It was only when he saw Dexter watching him, open-mouthed and purple-faced, that he put the balls away. He was aware he had a genius for doing the wrong thing at the right time; it was part of himself and very hard to explain. After his years of exile in the minors, and with his wooden arm, he rather sadly suspected that this facility for juggling might possibly be all the talent he possessed. He opened his locker and the *Textile City Star* fell out of it. He looked once again at the girl whose picture was on the front page, standing with her father and the mayor of Textile City. Ah, Marcia, baby, Lefty thought—the things that might have been.

LEFTY at this time did not possess a white evening jacket and dark trousers suitable for mingling with the mayors of America in summer convention at the Waldorf. He managed to borrow these essential items from a waiter named Rocco who worked at Tarzan Thorp's. This was an elegant eatery in the Radio City area, much frequented by solvent athletes and sportswriters who liked to absorb roast beef by the square yard, drenched in the blood of highly masculine cows and rare enough to have horns. Since Rocco, an obliging man of his own dimensions, was free of duty from 8 p.m. till midnight, it was no problem to frisk him of his jacket and his pants. It was necessary only to remove with a razor blade the red lettering that stated, "Tarzan Thorp's".

"You look bee-yu-tee-ful," Rocco said. "Only don't get to wras'lin' with no umpires in my suit."

Lefty walked across town, east, with the summer daylight fading fast behind him. A clock in a jeweler's window said 8:35, reminding him he would be late for the Hon. Harold J. Hanscomb's talk on "What Municipal Management Means to You". He had no doubt this would prove a worthwhile theme, or that Harold, a precise and able (if somewhat starchy) gentleman, would knock it dead. He passed a newsstand and observed, without stopping, the unhappy tidings of the late editions: CLIPPERS LOSE AGAIN; O'MALLEY GETS HEAVE-HO.

He did not resent the papers' printing items of truth. What distressed him was the comic touch attending his every

effort. Why did they keep assuming he was a comedian and clown when actually he was as grimly serious as a man with a bag of bombs? He didn't know. He just kept walking. Though once an honored citizen of New York, he had never been to the Waldorf. It seemed ironic that he had to make it the first time in a borrowed suit.

Ah, well. . . .

THEY sat on a slender, tufted bench, a bit beyond the grand ballroom, and except for a few thousand other people, he was alone with Marcia Hodges. She wore a white summer frock that was frilly and graceful and the years seemed to have touched her not at all. It was good to be sitting here but small talk didn't prosper. Too many big, remembered things were silently between them. A sober, able discourse on "What Municipal Management Means to You" had been dropped by Mayor Harold J. Hanscomb into posterity's pool, there to spread ripples forever.

"It was a splendid talk," said Lefty, to be polite (after all, the guy had asked him to come here, hadn't he?). "You should be very proud."

"We are all proud of Harold," Marcia said, then added, "Why shouldn't we be?"

He had no ready answer to that. His own mother—the Lord have mercy on her good, departed spirit—seeking at times some degree of loftiness in her errant son, would say to him when he was growing up, "Why don't you try to be like Harold Hanscomb, dear?" "Sure, Mom, sure," he used to say aloud, then to himself confide: I would rather be a stuffed duck on the mantel-piece. But the years, he knew now, and the proof of performance, had proved him wrong. If Harold, for all his stuffiness, was a triumph of the homely virtues, then who was he to argue?

"I hope you're both very happy," Lefty said.

"Thank you, Lefty, and I hope you're happy, too."

They sat soft-eyed and reminiscent, but strangely tongue-tide. Maybe I should have brought something to juggle, he thought, or not have come at all. Marcia's energetic parent, Anton W. Hodges, as the leading merchant of Textile City and a forger of sturdy political careers, came by. Mr. Hodges, a baseball fan, had always displayed a strong interest in 80-cent cigars and left-handed pitchers. Marcia's father appraised him carefully.

"Well, I'll say this for the home town," he conceded. "When daffier southpaws are produced, Textile City will produce 'em."

He walked off in pursuit of what Lefty supposed were more important matters. Marcia said, with some embarrassment, "Pop's like you, Lefty—anything for a laugh. You know the way he is."

"Yes," he said, "in a way, I do. I

remember the nights he used to kick me out of the parlor."

He realized he had not as yet had a chance to congratulate Harold Hanscomb on his talk.

"Where's Harold, anyhow?"

"Oh, he's frightfully busy, I guess. He has to see so many people. You see, he's giving this same talk in Newark on Monday, and on Tuesday he's to speak before the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce."

"Well, we can't sit here like a chess game," Lefty said. "I'll buy a drink at the bar."

"Just one for the road?"

"That's right," he said, but to himself he thought: it'll be a long, long road without her. He picked up the programs she had been carrying and a copy of Harold's speech.

At one of the downstairs bars he ordered a sarsaparilla, giant size, and the bartender did not seem offended. For Marcia, who could be depended upon to drink like a lady, he ordered a scotch. With some ceremony he then raised the sarsaparilla.

"Haven't had anything stronger in five years," he said, which, strangely, was the truth.

He saw her look at him quickly, searchingly, and he was sorry he had spoken. It was too pious and much too smug to drag his virtues out like gleaming trophies. What did he want—a garland of roses? Because he no longer tried to heave grapefruit the length of a city block?

But it was better here. They talked more freely, and music carried to them from another room. He found suddenly that she was laughing warmly and by some wondrous alchemy that leafed back with a golden hand through years and melodies and moods, he could imagine she belonged to him again—rather than to the mayor of the town where all of them had grown up. The music changed and came to them above the talk. He listened and recognized it and the words came back to him:

"We looked at each other in
The same way then;
But I can't remember
Where, or when."

Well, he could remember, if the song could not. He would remind himself to drop Cole Porter a note. A guy could take only so much. And after all, it wasn't fair—to Harold, to her, or to himself.

"Lemme have the check, pal," Lefty said.

And that was the end of that.

HE NEVER did get to meet the Hon. Harold J. Hanscomb at the Waldorf and he was almost to Tarzan Thorp's before realizing that he still carried with him a copy of Harold's speech and those glossy, exquisitely printed programs that Marcia had been carrying around. He got to Tarzan's place at a respectable hour, bearing within himself that one

large sarsaparilla and no evil intentions. He meant only to return Rocco's uniform for that obliging man's labors after midnight and retrieve his own clothes from the hanger on which he had left them. The trouble was that he couldn't find his clothes. They were not on the hanger in the rear of the big kitchen.

Otto, the second chef, said, "You won't find 'em, friend; they ain't here. Rocco wore 'em."

Lefty, resigned, sat down to wait. Having worn Rocco's summer finery, less only the red-lettered "Tarzan Thorp's," he was in no position to complain.

"He put 'em on after you left," said Otto. "Once in his life he says he wants he should wear the clothes of a great man."

Lefty said sourly, "You being a wise guy, Otto?"

"About Rocco? Look, friend, you must realize that Rocco's a southpaw, too, especially between the ears, an' when he goes out of here with a few drinks, he don't know whether he is you in your prime, or Lefty Gomez, or Carl Hubbell, or maybe Lefty Grove. You must understand, friend, that it ain't no skin off me."

LEFTY subsided. There were many baseball nuts, as he well knew, including Marcia's old man, Anton W. Hodges. The time moved along and Otto was cutting up potatoes. Lefty sat on an up-ended beer case, watching sleepily. At ten minutes to twelve, Rocco, a loyal man, finally appeared, and Rocco, though groomed and elegant in Lefty's clothes, showed signs of having had an extensive evening. Otto said to Rocco, "Where you been?" And Rocco said to Otto, a little thickly, "You got no right to talk to me that way; I am the greatest left-handed pitcher the las' ten years." In support of this claim Rocco picked up a large potato and went into a wind-up. Lefty's personal garments seemed to have such a strong effect on Rocco that it was necessary to turn him upside-down and dump him out of it. The efficient kitchen staff at Tarzan Thorp's gave Rocco five minutes with his head held firmly under a rush of icy water, and promptly at midnight began to load him with a delivery of five large steaks and one small mountain of french fries for table No. 12.

Lefty, having changed to his own clothes, decided to go quietly, but as he passed through one door from the kitchen, he observed not only Manager Willy Dexter of the New York Clippers but, at a table close by, the mayor of Textile City, Mr. Anton W. Hodges and Mr. Hodges' lovely daughter. Not choosing to face them all at the moment, he turned back to the kitchen. He did this precisely as Rocco, like a wild horse running bases, came through the same swinging door, freighted with steaming nourishment for table No. 12.

The crash was classic. It was one to be remembered. And Rocco's momentum being the greater, they collapsed not in

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the kitchen but in the restaurant itself. Lefty, for his own part, wished merely to crawl off to some final oblivion, like a french-fried potato with legs. Rocco, a gay man, with the baseball motif still the captor of his thoughts, said, "I'm safe, Lefty, pal. You never tagged me."

It was not a good moment at all. He heard Willy Dexter say in a distinct, if passion-ridden, voice, "There's my pride an' joy for you, gentlemen. I can serve him to the Boston Colts tomorrow—with catsup. Get up out of there!"

Lefty removed a steak from his lap and retrieved from the floor several programs and a speech by the Mayor of Textile City who, several tables away, was looking amazed and horrified.

"You're drunk!" said Dexter.

"I have not been drinking," Lefty said, but despaired of simple justice in this life. "It's marijuana that gets me this way, Willy. Tarzan serves it with a poached egg for a buck and a half and I want to tell you it's delicious."

"You were in the Waldorf bar at ten o'clock!" Dexter shouted. "Don't ask me how I know, either, because when a manager's saddled with a lunatic like you he's got to take measures to protect his interests. Deny you were in the Waldorf bar?"

Willy did not deny it, nor mention sarsaparilla. He saw Marcia Hodges trying to get up from her table and the handsome mayor restraining her. He said to Dexter, "Listen, Willy—why don't you save everybody a lot of trouble and send me back to the bushes?"

"Next week," Dexter said, "I'll send you back like a lost Christmas package, but tomorrow you're going to pitch. No two-inning relief job, my dear boy, because you're starting against the *Colts*."

Lefty gaped at him.

"Me?"

"I've tried everything else," said Dexter, then turned to the sportswriters on the scene. "I've tried everything, gentlemen, and lost seven games in a row. So tomorrow we're out for the laughs!"

Lefty walked slowly past the mayor of Textile City. He said, "Harold, I'm sorry I got catsup on your speech," and placed that document, with the programs, on the table. "It was a nice speech, Harold—very instructive."

Like a zombie, he kept walking, not hearing what Marcia said to him. Whatever she said, it would be kind, but there was no sense in prolonging the pain. After the performance he had just put on, it would be wisest to disappear.

HE AWOKE to a bright summer Sunday, having dreamed of base hits dropping all over the rooftops of New York. Even in the minor leagues, in recent years, he had confined his pitching efforts to a few innings at a time. He got up and dressed and heard the church bells ringing in Manhattan. He asked the Lord to be good to him this day.

In the Bronx, by two o'clock, the sun

hung high and heavy, like a big fried egg above that beautiful borough. The heat bore down and Lefty took his time. He had worked the count to three and two on Benny Thurston, first baseman for the *Colts*. He stopped, and turned away from Thurston, wiping the sweat off his left hand on the flannel of his shirt. Beyond the stadium the subway cars moved slowly by on elevated tracks. The bleachers were packed and the customers, in shirt sleeves, looked like several acres of laundry massed together. He faced Thurston again, then went into his wind-up. Applying little or no power to each pitch, he was obliged to place them where the batter liked them least. In Thurston's case he tried to cut the inside corner, low. But he missed.

"Ball four!" declared Isaac. "Hoghead" Hogan, who was working behind the plate.

Lefty did not complain. The ball had missed the corner. Thurston trotted to first and Larry Daniels walked to the plate. He came up leisurely and the Boston dugout came alive: "Murder it, Larry! He's a glass-armed bum!"

The tension mounted. Lefty could feel it in his innards like a folded fist. He watched Thurston take a lead off first, then drew him back with a quick throw.

"Pitch, ya bum!" the *Colts* called from the dugout.

Lefty faced Daniels and tried not to betray the nervousness he felt. He fed the mighty man a curve ball, slow and teasing, and watched him, overanxious, swing with futile fury at the air.

CREMONIOUSLY, Lefty doffed his cap, bowing deeply to the enemy's dugout. After all, if he was a clown, he might as well not disappoint. His Bronx adherents gave joyful tribute from the stands. Larry Daniels, gripping his bat, swung it menacingly back and forth. Lefty lobbed a tedious floater at the plate. Daniels swung again too mightily, too high. The ball bounced once to Lefty who turned and threw to second, and the second baseman whipped it back to first base, doubling Daniels, killing the threat.

The noise was loud and long in the stands, making Lefty feel like a man reprieved from the gallows. Somewhere, he understood, the mayor of Textile City sat with honored guests. Lefty got the next man on a pop-up to short. That's for you, Marcia baby, he thought. He strolled in from the mound, but felt little of the blithe, gay confidence his stride would indicate.

In the fourth, the *Clippers* managed to gather themselves a run. They got it on a walk, a two-base slam by Samson Dudley and a long fly to the outfield. It proved to be the only run they got all afternoon.

Lefty labored on the hill through the fifth and sixth. There was no comedy now, because the heat was on, not only from the sun that had baked him medium-

rare, but in the consecutive zeros that marked the Boston totals on the score-board. His efforts by now were communicated to his teammates in the field. They tried to "talk it up" with some encouragement, but a brittle nervousness seemed to have invaded them, as though unable to believe the things they had seen. Lefty thus far had given the *Colts* three scattered hits. Responsibility, suddenly, dramatically, had switched from himself to the men afield. With two out in the sixth, he threw an inside curve to Loftus, the Boston catcher. It was a routine grounder that Bates, the second baseman, managed somehow to bobble, and, in his wild haste to recover, heave wide of first. Loftus, an otherwise easy out, continued on to second.

NOW the weight of effort gathered and hung above him like the threat of a heavy sword. He was tired, woefully tried. Bates scruffed the ground with conspicuous signs of penance. The usually ruddy face of Willy Dexter stared from the *Clippers*' dugout—a cadaver in the daylight.

Lefty had two strikes and a ball on Sal Ferretti, and felt that he could waste one. He threw it in, hands-high, and close inside, but Ferretti didn't go for it.

Hogan called mightily, "Ball two!" Which was fair enough. Lefty didn't want to give Ferretti a good one, since any kind of a hit would mean a run. A plane droned overhead while he fingered the rosin bag. He watched Loftus, dancing gaily off second base. The heck with Loftus. He wanted to get a third strike past Ferretti to put out the fire. Almost without thought he reared back and fired one it. It was the fastest ball he'd thrown in five long years—a sizzler that burned in there and seemed, to him, to catch the corner of the plate.

"Ball—three!" said Hogan.

From the dugout Willy Dexter screamed in protest. The *Clippers*' catcher danced in wrath. Lefty, advancing a few steps, politely inquired, "What's that?"

Hogan, an honest, if myopic, man, stepped forward, and with emphasis heard in half the Bronx, repeated, "I said, 'Ball—thu-ree!'"

Indeed, so emphatically did Mr. Hogan restate his decision that his mask fell off, and in seeking to retrieve the mask, he spilled three spotless baseballs from a pouch worn at his waist. He succeeded in recovering his mask, but dropped his cap, and in general confusion, while the crowd was roaring, managed, with his large, ungoverned feet, to kick the balls halfway out to the pitcher's mound. Lefty could not help finding great mirth in this. Politely he asked aloud, "Does anyone have a basket for Mr. Hogan?" but refrained from calling him "Hoghead". Helpfully now, midway between the mound and home plate, he recovered the baseballs Hogan had been nudging with his feet, and while

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that enraged, unhappy man was bent over to regain his cap, Lefty stood innocently behind him, juggling Hogan's mask and the three baseballs in an action that all the world but Hogan could observe.

Programs and paper cups cascaded from the second and the third tiers of the stadium. The purple-visaged Hogan, tormented by the rising din, turned wildly to Lefty, who calmly borrowed Mr. Hogan's little whiskbroom and brushed his hat for him.

There was nothing Hogan could do.

The tension snapped and Lefty, because of the delay, was entitled to warm up again. His teammates called to him. They shouted and clowned among themselves and the look of life returned to Willy Dexter. Lefty rubbed the ball in careful hands. He faced Ferretti once again, and, of his aching parts, his left arm seemed the healthiest. He had no time to ponder this just now. He merely had time to mumble thanks to the Lord. He whipped the next one in, chest-high, and caught Ferretti with his bat still on his shoulder.

"Stee-rike—thru-ree!" said Mr. Hogan.

Lefty walked in off the mound. Today, he knew, if never again on any other day, he could beat the Boston Colts.

MUCH later, with the sun going down behind the Harlem, Lefty O'Malley, a weary man, stepped from the clubhouse to the street, and saw, among other sights, Anton W. Hodges of Textile City, counting a large amount of money he had won on the game. Lefty, of course, had no objection either to the sight of money or the promise of same. Only a little while before, to the comfort of his future, he had learned from SPORTSMAN'S SHAVING SOAP that whether his arm proved to be made of flesh or feathers was to be made of flesh or feathers through the balance of the season, there

was a telecasting job awaiting him whenever he wanted it. SPORTSMAN'S SHAVING SOAP, like a strong proportion of the population, seemed to think he was a highly entertaining fellow.

Marcia Hodges, standing with her parent, wore a picture hat and a star-touched look in her eyes. The sight of her now, as always, flipped him over like a wheat-cake. "Lefty," she said, "you were wonderful, wonderful, wonderful."

"Well, thanks," he said. "I thought of you, Marcia, and I—well, because it might be the last good game I'll ever pitch, let's call it a gift—a gift to the bride and groom."

"To what?"

"To you and Harold, I mean. I still read the *Textile City Star*, you know. You can buy it for a dime at the out-of-town newsstand in Times Square—say, where is Harold, anyhow?"

"Hizzoner," said Mr. Hodges, "is just a bit miffed, Lefty; he didn't care to join us at the game. Speaking of the *Textile City Star*, we understand that by getting yourself heaved out of the game yesterday you crowded his whole speech off page one. The guy's fit to be tied. He doesn't like baseball. He doesn't know home plate from Hoghead Hogan's mask, an' if you think I'd let my own daughter marry a stuffed shirt—"

"But I read it in all the gossip columns," Lefty said. "Naturally a guy would think—"

"Left-handed pitchers were never designed for serious thinking," Mr. Hodges said. "And don't stand there like a gaping mackerel, boy—you'll only embarrass the girl."

The sun was down behind the Harlem now and a soft breeze cooled the end of the torrid day. The girl took his arm and they walked along. There was very little to say.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 23)

Bolognese, a beautiful little toy dog from Italy. Although he's named for the town of Bologna, there the resemblance ceases. Snow-white, weighing about eight pounds and wearing a curly, long, silky coat, he's said to be a fine, perky little pooch.

France has its own version of the pointer, the Saintonge, which looks much like true pointer, although it is marked like the Dalmatian, the so-called coach-dog. He's a stylish fellow, built for action, weighing about 62 pounds and measuring 28 inches at the shoulder.

A LITTLE-KNOWN breed in this country is the German dog, the Wachtelhund. If you can picture a dog combining the appearance of the cocker spaniel and the English setter, that's your Wachtelhund. Its color is brown; height, 20 inches, and the coat is long, dense and slightly wavy.

Unless you know one of the few persons who own one, you'll probably never

see a Rottweiler, a German cattle dog used for herding. This is a very rugged, powerful dog standing from 21 to 25 inches. A black dog with tan or mahogany markings, he's been used successfully for police work in Germany. A courageous and faithful animal, he has quite a history; his breeders advance the claim that he did much to help change the map of Europe in those machineless days when he accompanied the Roman Legions through the Alps to conquer Europe. At that time, meat had to be taken along on the hoof, and the ancestors of today's Rottweiler were assistant herdsmen for the Roman army. In this way, the breed was spread throughout the Continent and reached its greatest development around Rottweil, a county on the left bank of the Neckar River in southern Germany. Often called the butcher's dog, as he was preferred by the butchers for guarding and herding cattle on the way to market, the dog has been used to

pull carts and is said to be right willing and smart at this job, too. The breed is recognized officially in the United States, but is seen occasionally only at the biggest dog shows.

Another ancient canine foreigner is the Owtchar, the Russian sheepdog, a giant among his fellows, the largest of them all. He weighs about 100 pounds, stands 32 inches, and his colors range from slate or clouded white to almost black. Tail and ears are sometimes cropped and the coat is profuse and shaggy. Some persons hold the opinion that this chap is one of the forebears of the old English sheepdog. At any rate, he's a gallant and brave fighter, which, of course, he had to be, to stand off the Russian wolves in guarding his flocks.

ONE of the oddest of all is the Chinese crested dog, once officially recognized in this country, but now lurking in the shadows of near-oblivion here. He's one of the hairless varieties found from South Africa to South America. The skin is greyish, something the color of an elephant's, occasionally mottled with pink patches. Despite his general hairlessness, he has a silky crest of fur on top of his head, and a small tuft at the root of his tail. He isn't a big fellow, averaging about 20 pounds in weight, and some 12 inches at the shoulder.

Finland contributes a dog known also in Lapland—the Finsk Spetz. This is a hunting dog with the peculiarity of barking when it locates game for the hunter. It looks something like the Norwegian elkhound, with a heavy, long coat which is usually a fox-like red with some white. Somewhat resembling a long-legged Chow Chow, too, he stands between 16 and 18 inches and is an all-arounder in the field, both for furred and feathered game, with a reputation as a hard, intelligent worker.

From the never-never land of Tibet, we find four dogs—the Tibetan terrier, Tibetan spaniel, Tibetan mastiff and the Lhassa Apsos, the last being the only one officially recognized. The Apsos is a small dog found in almost every color known among canines. He has a hard, straight and unusually dense coat, with a heavily fringed tail that curls over his shoulder. Rarely exceeding 11 inches in height, he greatly resembles a miniature old English sheepdog. The Tibetan spaniel is a fine-looking toy dog and the Tibetan terrier, a trifle taller than the Apsos, suggests kinship with the Pekingese. The Tibetan mastiff, a gigantic animal, is one of the most savage dogs on earth and is never brought into the home but is kept, a life-long prisoner, chained outdoors to guard the house.

The purps I've tried to describe here are only a few of the many, many dogs you will see very seldom—if ever. There are scores of others, perhaps of less interest, that are strangers to America and, barring some freak of chance, will remain strangers forever.

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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 10)

if I had hooked a tarpon. I didn't even know such a species of trout existed.

When I finally dragged him out on the bank, I thought I had taken a monster of some kind. His body color was a livid green profusely marked with large, peanut-shaped orange spots. His belly was a fiery orange-red, as incongruous a color as our shanty car. His jaws—which would be better called beaks since they were curved parrot-fashion—were tipped in orange, and his mouth was the same wild color. He was 31 1/2 inches long and weighed 12 1/2 pounds.

That night we kept a half-dozen of these things, which measured from 28 inches on up. This was my only experience with them, so I don't know whether or not we may have run into some of unusual size. Our Nome host didn't let on that there was anything unusual in them. He indicated it was a normal fishing trip. It's all in the point of view.

But there are still stranger places in Alaska where trout are found; the most extreme are trout in a cave. Near Basket Bay on Admiralty Island is a full-sized stream which runs directly out of the side of a mountain. On top of the mountain is a lake which obviously is the source of the stream. It has no visible outlet, yet

humpback salmon appear in it during their spawning run from the sea. Below, at the mouth of the cave, these same salmon can be seen congregated in a mass trying to muster sufficient courage to swim into the black interior of the mountain. Falls and roaring rapids couldn't stop them on their journey from the sea, but the pitch darkness of the cave was almost too formidable an obstacle.

Far up in the interior of the cave we could hear an occasional splash which sounded exactly like a feeding fish. Frank Dufresne, with whom we were fishing, had heard this same thing on previous visits to Basket Bay, even at times when there were no salmon in the stream. He was determined to find out exactly what was going on up under the mountain, so this time he had brought along a rubber boat to do some exploring. It was spooky paddling up into the darkness of the cave, and we got action suddenly, before we intended. One of the party allowed his line to slip over the side without realizing it, and something grabbed the sunken fly. It came as a complete surprise—as though a person, assuming he was alone, suddenly felt a sharp jerk on his coat sleeve. It brought us to life.

There was considerable shouting and



Bruno Shaw, left, author of "Why We Have Communists", published in September, 1950, issue of *The Elks Magazine*, receives Freedoms Foundation award of merit from Dr. Grayson L. Kirk, Acting President of Columbia University, at ceremonies in Casa Italiana on Columbia campus, May 3. Mr. Shaw was the second *Elks Magazine* author to be recognized by Freedoms Foundation for an outstanding contribution to the preservation of our democratic traditions. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, whose article "Foe to Freedom", was published in the issue of October, 1950, was awarded third place in the magazine division of Freedoms Foundation's nationwide competition. For publication of the article by Mr. Shaw, *The Elks Magazine* received a Certificate of Merit from the Freedoms Foundation and, for Mr. Hoover's article, a Medal.

splashing, along with a good share of suspense, before we reached the mouth of the cave where we could see what we had—or what had us. Out in the sunlight we discovered we had a nice 14-inch cutthroat trout. He was quite pale, indicating he must have spent some time back in the darkness.

We couldn't go as far into the mountain as we wanted. The roof of the cave came lower and lower until it was almost down to the surface of the water. We didn't try to squeeze through the narrows. A person's imagination is sharpened by darkness and it wasn't difficult to picture getting trapped in there by a sudden rise in the water. Beyond where we stopped, however, we could still hear the occasional splash of feeding cutthroat.

NOT unusual but almost as sunless as the cave interior is the great trout-fishing area out to the westward, on the Alaska Peninsula. This is a bleak, treeless region with an almost continuous fog-laden wind. On the rare occasions when the ceiling lifts, the best scenery the place has to offer is an occasional snow-capped, dead volcano. It's the end of the world—except for one thing: rainbow trout. This is where they grow.

When we fished there a number of years ago, a friend by the name of Bert Ruoff, who was freighting for the natives of the area in an ancient Travelair, flew us in. We made camp on the shore of a lake three miles from the bank of the Newhalen River where we fished. This meant an hour's walk each way, not bad considering the fishing we were getting, but Bert couldn't see it. He insisted on flying us from the lake to the river every morning in his float plane, then bringing us back again to camp in the evening. He no sooner got airborne on each trip than he had to let down. Northern bush pilots think there's no job too big or too small for an airplane.

The wind out there on the peninsula blows flat, laying the long bear grass down level with the ground. The air is raw and the skies a dirty gray. Even the water appears black instead of blue. It's a fairly miserable-looking place—until a fellow hooks one of the giant rainbows that live there. When one of these silver demons takes the fly in his teeth and starts racing the line off the reel in an angry screech—jumping and flashing across the broad expanse of the river—all else is forgotten. After a 30- or 40-minute battle, the fisherman finally brings the trout to shore exhausted, puts a hand in his gills and drags him up on the bank; then he rolls out a tape measure from the point of his nose down along his rounded side: 20 inches, 25 inches, 30 inches! You have to admit, after all, it's really a lovely spot.

In extreme contrast to the Alaska Peninsula is another spot where there are big rainbows. The Alaska Peninsula is about as far north as this species of trout

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is found in North America, and at the opposite extreme is rainbow fishing in the baking heat of the Arizona-Nevada desert. There, at one particular spot, trout can be caught where the temperature is above 100° in the shade and almost too hot to bear in the sun. This, I think, is the most unusual setting of all for trout fishing.

The only time I fished there, I quit at 8:30 in the morning because it was becoming too hot to be enjoyable; yet that morning I had taken a pair of fine trout. The answer to this riddle is Boulder Dam on the Colorado River. The huge dam impounds the water at such a great depth that it is icy cold when it empties into the river below. It is ideal for trout in spite of the intolerable heat of the desert sun.

ISAT on the bank of my little Vermont stream thinking of these strange places and giant trout thousands of miles away when something suddenly brought me back home. It was a rise near the head of the pool where I sat. I thought I had seen it right, but, if so, it was made by a trout a good 14 inches long. That couldn't be. Fourteen inches was much larger than any trout I had ever seen in that little stream. He would be three times as heavy as the little eight-incher I had caught earlier. I watched without moving; sure enough, he rose again. Before

I could creep into position to make a cast, he came up twice more.

I tried a half-dozen flies on that fish, becoming more nervous and excited with each try. Finally he struck, but by then I was too keyed up. I saw him coming and I hooked too soon. I felt just the bare tick as the fly slid by the tip of his jaw, and I sank to the nearest rock tired and disgusted with myself for having flubbed it. I knew he wouldn't rise again.

That was several days ago and I haven't seen the big brookie since, although I've looked every evening. It may be that he left that pool entirely for another after coming so close to being hooked. In the pool directly below there, I saw a rise just at dark last evening that could have been the same fish.

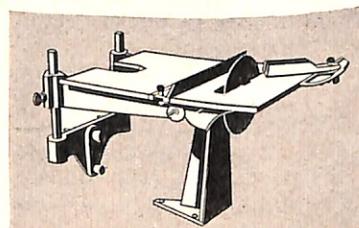
It occurred to me tonight when I returned to the house that I've had more fun and suspense out of this one 14-inch trout behind the barn—if he really is 14 inches long—than out of any of the giants I've taken in far-away places. One of the glories of trout fishing is that it is relative to the surroundings. A 14-inch brook trout in that little stream is as big as a 14-pounder in the Newhalem River. And, far more important, this trout now has a personal quality which no fish in a big river could possibly attain. I know he can't be far away, and I have all summer to try to catch him.

Gadgets and Gimmicks

(Continued from page 34)

idea... . The other item is a unique tumbler for summer drinks. It is made of bamboo burnished and polished to the smoothness of glass. The tumblers won't chip or frost and they eliminate the need for coasters. Available in three sizes—small (for children), medium (for all-around use) and large (for long, tall and cool drinks)—the tumblers will be an interesting addition to any household.

displays a leaping trout that looks as much alive as a silver trout can look. If you get these (or persuade your wife to buy them for you with your money), you'll be traveling in pretty good company. The maker has turned out heavily ornamented saddles for notables such as King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia.



MOTORING Elks this summer will find it easy to meet other members of the Order in their wanderings if they have this metal Elks emblem attached to their license plates. Available in five colors, the emblem has a stainless steel frame, is 3 1/2 inches in diameter and shows up clearly by day or night. With this on your car, you may drive from Bar Harbor to San Diego and receive instant recognition.

TIME was when there was quite a market for ornate, silver and gold Western saddles. But since the hey-day of such opulence has passed, the expert silver and goldsmiths have had to turn their talents elsewhere to make an honest dollar or two. In this particular case, the public is the winner. For a famous Western silversmith and saddlemaker has turned his talents to making silver accessories for sportsmen. Here is a tie clasp with matching cuff links for the angler. Made of heavy sterling silver, the jewelry

THERE probably would be more home carpenters if tools for making things weren't so expensive. If you have ever had the urge to set up a small shop in the basement or guest room, and have never found the cash to buy the necessary equipment, this item is for you. It is a small table saw, remarkably economical to purchase and possessing the following highlights: a tilting table, mitre attachment and guard rail, plus a four-inch sanding disc. Powered by 1/4-inch drill or polishing motors, the saw has a blade three inches in diameter that cuts soft metal, plastic or wood to a depth of one inch. It should get you started on that aforementioned shop without throwing you into bankruptcy.



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THE ELKS MAGAZINE AND THE ORDER

This editorial from the Bennington, Vt., "Evening Banner", issue of April 9, sent to The Elks Magazine through the courtesy of P.E.R. T. J. Lanigan, of Bennington Lodge, No. 567.

EVERY society, every church, club and clique nowadays has a magazine for its members, devoted to bragging about the order and printing pictures of the officials and other leading members. One of the best of these fraternity publications is *The Elks Magazine*, which is proper as the Elks are one of the biggest and best of our American societies. We are entitled to brag a little about the Elks as a fraternal order and about *The Elks Magazine* as the senior editor of the *Banner* is the senior member of the Bennington Lodge of Elks. When his membership card is issued by the lodge Secretary it proudly bears the highly honorable inscription, "Number One". This refers merely to seniority of membership and gives him nothing bigger or better than that of any other member of the lodge but does put on him the duty of trying to be a number one Elk, in which he fails,

sometimes through age and physical disability, but more often through carelessness and the common brands of human stupidity. However, we didn't start to brag about the Order, though it is one of the best, and never interferes with politics or religion, and does more for the poor and the suffering than many groups that claim to do more. What we started to do was to say a few words of commendation about *The Elks Magazine*. The April number is just out and, properly, largely is devoted to the opening of the fishing season. Every Elk is a fisherman, of one sort or another, and generally of several sorts, and this April number presents as its frontispiece a Vermont fisherman getting ready to go out for the opening day of the season. He is shown with the variety of tackle that a man would need to fish all the way from Greenland to Patagonia. No wonder his modest and charming wife pauses in her job of house cleaning and looks at him with pride and appreciation and wonders how a man can get that way, common with all fishermen and a few other select groups, even the Elks, most of the time.

Green Thumbs Up!

(Continued from page 9)

ailments baffling to medical science, or the end of ills science hadn't even heard of. It might even get him a Nobel prize. Joe sprinkled it liberally with salt and, with a consecrated look of man-in-white purpose on his face, bit into it.

It tasted exactly like a tomato.

There are now on the market inexpensive kits which enable the gardener to do his own soil testing. I once bought one of these, a junior size, with eight bottles of chemicals and eight test tubes. I spent many expectant hours digging samples of dirt, sifting them into the tiny tubes and pouring the wonder-making chemicals back and forth. The chemicals changed color and were then to be compared with the colors on four charts to see what my poor soil needed. Well, my chemicals turned pink when they should have been blue and I put it down to pilot failure and tried again. The added hours I spent repeating the process were less expectant. This time I produced excellent Gauguin greens and some challenging yellows reminiscent of Van Gogh sunflowers. But I didn't get any information about my soil, except that it was evidently rich in pigment. I put my soil tester away along with half a sack of guaranteed plant ration which burned everything it touched, and a bottle of "weed killer" which nurtured the sturdiest crop of crab grass ever seen in western Connecticut. As a result of such scientific gardening, though, that summer

I produced the most medium-sized, mediocre vegetables ever seen. I've been a scientific gardener ever since.

As every scientist knows, the most important single element in research is accurate records. Only a dilettante gardener would put seeds into the soil without noting in his ledger the time, temperature and wind direction. Only by the accumulation of seemingly irrelevant data can results be assayed exactly. Success is most certainly assured by comparing year with year and carefully avoiding comparisons with the check book.

Garden records are highly personal and no man should seek to profit by another's industry. But in support of the hard core of home agronomy, I open my books—my garden books, that is—to all. Of course, my notes are kept in my own scientific way. They might, in amateur hands, be subject to some misinterpretation, but to me they ring out with meaning.

For example, here are my entries for April 10, 1950:

4th Bed Row 1A, rd. w.i.
Row 1B, rd. s.g.

5th Bed Row 1. (this is slightly illegible but I recall distinctly that bed contained either beets or lettuce)

Row 2.

Box A barn, egpl. blk. bty., untrtd
Box B barn, ppr. kg nrth, trtd.

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and peppers started in the barn. I wonder how they made out. I must go and look sometime. Meanwhile, it is obvious that the 4th bed, rows 1A and 1B (above) had some kind of radish planted that date. Information such as this covering the whole garden season is available to me and science for years to come.

It is no fun to record recurring disasters. The hazards that attend even scientific gardening are too painful to describe in detail. One trouble with our vegetables nowadays is that they won't stand up and fight. In the time of our pioneering forefathers, a vegetable worthy of the name took on rust, rot and weevils with the confidence of Sugar Ray Robinson boxing a ballet master. Vegetables may not have been so edible then but they knew the art of survival. They could lick their weight in locusts.

Today, there are more diseases and more insects than there are vegetables. There are more than 600 important species of menacing insects alone to harass less than 60 commonly-grown vegetables. And many vegetables—like the cantaloupe—are also beset by six or more diseases. The proverbial man with a hoe needs the hoe all right, but he also should be a graduate entomologist with a degree in biochemistry. He must be able to distinguish a tomato pinworm from a tomato fruitworm at a glance and know a boll weevil from a pepper weevil simply by the texture of its fur. He must be prepared at any moment to control anthracnose of cucurbits. If he hesitates when he encounters a root-knot nematode, he'd better go in for trimming something else.

ONE friend of mine was driven back to his lawn mower because he couldn't make the simple distinction between chewing insects and sucking insects. He read in authoritative literature that stomach poisons controlled the chewers and contact poison did in the suckers. Well, he never could tell which poison to use. He'd stand and watch the insects by the hour, trying to decide whether they were sucking or biting. Every once in a while he'd swear he could see their jaws working away. He would quickly mix a batch of stomach poison spray, but almost every time it turned out that the bugs weren't biting but merely sucking vigorously.

Happily, the super-scientists are on the verge of a development that may get my friend back to planting again—permanently. New insect killing chemicals which are introduced into the plant itself have been developed. No matter whether it bites or sucks, an insect that fools around with a treated plant dies. The process is like putting arsenic into the human blood stream as a means of killing mosquitoes.

The chemicals aren't shot into the plant with a hypodermic needle, though. Unbelievable as it seems, they can be put onto the seed when it is planted and

when the vegetable grows up it remains toxic. The chemicals are harmless to people because they break down into non-poisonous substances after doing their lethal work on aphids, red spiders and the like. Some scientists claim they even stimulate plant growth.

The most serious problem facing scientific home gardeners—even more than the bugs—is what to plant. This decision is not to be made lightly, for to take the wrong turning at the outset is to follow an almost certain path to frustration and emotional maladjustment. The choice usually is whether to try for exotic produce, and become the talk of the neighborhood, or to grow what everybody else does and be a nonentity with something to eat.

The exotic gardener, like the tropical fish aquarist, is primarily a showman. He despairs the lettuce-tomato-beans-peas-cucumber-onion-radish routine. His garden produces popcorn, zucchini, okra, artichokes, dandelion, chicory, kale and yellow tomatoes. When neighbors discuss their lettuce he chimes in about his French endive. Mention onions and he's growing leeks. And none of his turnip friends has peeped since the day he topped them with rutabaga.

It's the exotic gardener, too, who probably has the most fun. Not only is he the center of attention; he isn't bothered by the constant spectre of drought, insects or just plain crop failure. A little Swiss chard goes a long way and he is gastronomically content to harvest but a third of his crop. Suppose the beetles do make off with most of his popcorn, a half-dozen ears are a year's supply. And if something doesn't turn out well, or if it doesn't even come up, he's spared embarrassment. Who'd ever think to ask, "How did you make out this year with your shallots?"

And, of course, there are always mushrooms. Nearly every adult American male wants to raise mushrooms for reasons that perplex psychologists. I know why I wanted to grow them, though—to get rich. For years, provocative ads exhorted me to "Grow Mushrooms For Profit". Just a couple of seed beds, some spawn and a corner of the basement would make me richer than anything except raising guinea pigs, against which the family had a permanent injunction. My brush with mushrooms occurred when I was twelve and ended disastrously, leaving me a fiscal wreck in a world with no R.F.C. A weekend when my family was away appeared to be the most propitious time to establish my personal fortune.

By noon I had many boxes spread throughout the cellar and by nightfall each of these was planted with mushroom spawn. Now I had only to sit back for a few weeks and decide whether to buy a ranch in Wyoming or Arizona. This happy dilemma extended for several days until one evening my mother asked me to investigate the cellar for a possible

deceased mouse; she had developed a peculiar olfactory sensitivity. I checked and found nothing except my money-making mushrooms, and they smelled sweet to me.

They didn't get any sweeter. By the next day the bed had sweat itself into a formidable thing and the downwind neighbors were sniffing reproachfully. At that point Mother's personal investigation exposed my venture and it was immediately liquidated, with a loss to me of \$5.73, my life savings.

Nowadays such hazards are removed from mushroom growing. It is big business and around Kennett Square, Pa., alone, 35,000,000 pounds are raised annually. The home grower can be spared the fuss of preparing beds. There's no weeding, no hoeing, no spraying, no garden even. The only requirement is a constantly cool place—about 55 degrees—for boxes now come filled with prepared soil and certified spoor all ready to start growing. All he need do to produce mushrooms equal to the best of commercial growers is sprinkle water on the box occasionally.

This isn't recommended procedure for making a fortune, though, or even a fast buck. This is strictly for home consumption—a tray produces for about four months—and if in the end the mushrooms cost as much as they would in the store, what the heck; they're fresher, they taste better—they're your own.

Mushroom growing, like all gardening, can be a social asset. But one aspect of home gardening too often neglected is its etiquette. I have searched through Emily Post and other authoritative works for guidance in this delicate matter. I have polled many gardeners and examined my own behavior when consorting with the vegetable aristocracy. As a result, I have compiled the first unimpeachable code of social ethics for the vegetable grower.

The most delicate situations arise when Joe Gardener is a dinner guest at a neighbor's house. If his neighbor, Sam, does not own a garden his role is fairly simple. When they sit down at the table he sniffs the vegetables expectantly and asks, with polite venom, "Home grown?"

Sam has met this situation before and knows what to expect. "Nope," he answers disconsolately. "I wonder if it's going to rain."

Undeflected, Joe sticks to his course. "You know, you almost had me fooled. Usually I can spot a store vegetable across a room. There's nothing like the ones you grow yourself. These commercial outfits just won't . . ." Now Joe is

launched on the vegetable party line and his purpose is to enlist Sam into the happy ranks of home growers. If Sam joins it won't be out of conviction but in self-defense. But the day he picks his first spindling radish, he's hooked for life.

When Joe dines with neighbor Fred, who raises his own, etiquette requires him to arrive early enough to inspect Fred's garden, a chore which delights Fred and is a major challenge to Joe. As they stroll through the even rows of vigorous plants, Joe makes the essential compliment. "Boy, you've got quite a garden." This commits him neither for nor against, but it is his last comment subject to such broad interpretation. Next he asks, with false alarm, "Say, is that fusarium wilt on your tomatoes? Early for blight, isn't it?"

His next remark carries a note of friendly concern. "Those Mexican beetles are getting a head start on your beans, Fred. Can't dust too early."

At the peas he observes, "Late for the best peas. Got mine in the freezer a week ago."

Of the lettuce, "Looks like tipburn starting."

Of the corn, "Could use a little thinning."

This keeps up for as long as Fred's garden holds out, but they leave on a pleasant note when Joe says, "Why, Fred, your onions look swell. Good old onions. They're one thing I always say you can't go wrong on."

This isn't as unfair as it seems. Fred can hold up his end, for bragging about his garden is the only real compensation a gardener gets. Since a man's family pay him no attention he often enters into an unwritten exchange agreement with his neighbors. If they will listen for ten minutes while he tells of the virtue of his horseradish, he will stand quietly and try to look interested while they extol their rhubarb. Thus united for the common good, gardeners pursue their hobby with enthusiasm and confidence.

The rich joy of gardening stems from something deeper than mere bragging. A man may be no great shakes as a salesman, or maybe he isn't the best druggist or the most efficient gas station operator or the world's brightest accountant, but when he gets his hands on a seed catalogue he is transformed for those precious, dream-laden weeks in March into a creator of the good and wondrous. His roasting corn will be the tenderest, his tomatoes the juiciest, his asparagus the most prolific and his onions the sweetest in the whole world. And that is achievement enough for any man.



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EDITORIAL

SERVING OUR ARMED FORCES



Hundreds of thousands of the men who helped to crush dictatorship in World War II returned home with pleasant memories of the hospitality they had enjoyed at Elk Fraternal Centers.

Sponsored by the Elks War Commission and operated by the Subordinate Lodges in the areas where they were located, 155 such Centers provided a home away from home for our young men. A good many men who have since become Elks got their first glimpse of what our Order means through this contact with Elkdom.

Today, as our nation rearms once more to face the even greater menace of Communist dictatorship, Elkdom again has opened its arms to America's fighting men. Under the sponsorship of the Elks National Service Commission, and again with the wholehearted cooperation of Subordinate Lodges, our Order has in operation eight fraternal centers serving training stations at Trenton, N. J., Louisville, Ky., Columbus, Ga., Wilmington, N. C., Tucson, Ariz., Waukegan, Ill., Santa Maria, Calif., and Hyannis, Mass. Several others are in process of organization.

These centers not only provide recreation, amusement and snacks, but also a place where a man can just relax, or write a letter, or talk with someone who takes an interest in him as one person to another. And here we want to pay deserved tribute to the Elks, their wives, daughters and other women folk, who staff these centers.

Chairman Hallinan and his associates on the Commission showed great foresight when they began to resume this wartime program nearly two years ago, in the early stages of our rearmentment program. Thus, they were able to keep pace with the rapid expansion of our armed forces because of the Korean war. This program demonstrates once again the Order of Elks' capacity for leadership and service.

AN ORCHID WELL PLACED



"I am sure", said the Grand Exalted Ruler in his Message to our members published in the March issue of *The Elks Magazine*, "that every Elk feels warm regard and affection for the Secretary who is loyally and efficiently performing the very important duties of his office, and this is a good time to demonstrate it".

He was speaking, of course, of the classes which were to be inducted during the month of March in honor of our Lodge Secretaries.

It gives us very great pleasure to report here how

wholeheartedly the members responded to Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle's urging.

Undoubtedly, you have heard glowing accounts of the class initiated in this lodge or that as a tribute to the man who occupies one of the important key positions in the lodge. Let us add the information available in the records of your Magazine's office.

As the month of March progressed, we shared the gladness that filled the hearts of our lodge Secretaries when we noticed the increase in our mail. It was not until April 5th, however, the day on which we had to prepare our totals to order copies of the May issue, that the meaning of the members' efforts in behalf of our Secretaries was fully appreciated.

The results are best reported comparatively. We would like to say now that, after carefully checking our records, the number of new names for the Magazine mailing list received in the month exceeded the number received here in any other month since March, 1947.

May we express congratulations to the members on this wonderful showing. It was an orchid well placed, and richly deserved.

BALANCE IN LIVING



A recent issue of *Elks' Tracks*, the bulletin of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, recalls to mind the purposeful lines of G. L. Banks:

"I live for those who love me, for those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me, and awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance, for the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance, and the good that I can do."

Several comments in an address by P.E.R. Clyde Timberlake reprinted in that bulletin help to point up the close tie between the poet's aims and the concrete actions of the members of our Order.

Here are the Past Exalted Ruler's words:

"Sure, the Elks have fun. They can make a fun festival out of planning and presenting the underprivileged children's party at Christmas, of distributing Christmas baskets, of visiting the Vets hospital, of staging a Thanksgiving party for Boy Scouts or an Easter party for Campfire Girls, of giving a Girl Scout troop a flag, or decorating a Christmas tree at a kids' institution.

"But the serious work ever balances the good times, and enjoyment of the latter is the greater because Elks have made life more bearable and more enjoyable for others."

In these days, when grimness makes so oppressive an effort to dampen gaiety, how delightful it is to be reminded that a million members of the Elks carry on toward these high ends and yet hold on to fun, the balance wheel of serious endeavor.

Remember these two
addresses while you're at the

**Grand Lodge Convention
CHICAGO, July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5**





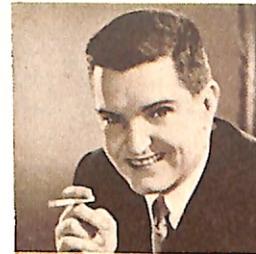
FRAN WARREN, radio songstress: "As a singer, I welcome Camel mildness. And Camels are such fun to smoke!"



"MY OWN 30-Day Test gave me a new pitch on cigarettes," says ace pitcher Jim Konstanty. "Camels hit the spot!"



STYLIST Elaine Bassett: "Ever since I made my own 30-Day test, Camels are my favorite! They're so mild!"



PETER LIND HAYES, comedian: says: "Camels smoke cool and mild — they're just right for my throat. What flavor!"



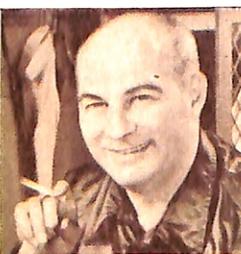
NADINE CONNER, opera star: "My own 30-Day Camel Mildness Test proved how much fun smoking can be!"



VAUGHN MONROE, band leader: says: "I enjoy every puff of a Camel! Camels taste great—and they're mild!"



TELEVISION STAR Marguerite Piazza agrees: "As a singer, I enjoy Camel mildness — and Camels taste grand!"



BASEBALL MANAGER Ed Sawyer: "Camels made a hit with me right from the start. They're mild and taste great!"

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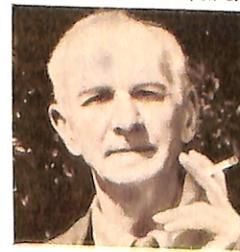
RIFLE CHAMPION Audrey Bockmann: "Camels scored a hit with my taste, too! And they're so cool and mild!"



DICK POWELL, movie star: states. "Camels give me more pleasure than I ever got from any other cigarette!"



RISE STEVENS, opera beauty: says: "I know how mild Camels are! My own 30-Day Test convinced me!"



LECTURER AND WRITER Dr. Archibald Rutledge: "I've smoked Camels for years! They're cool and mild — taste great!"



"I'M A SINGER and my throat comes first! I picked Camels as my steady smoke!" Anne Jeffreys, stage star.



JOHN WAYNE, movie hero: says: "I found the cigarette I could enjoy as a steady smoke — Camels! They're mild!"



KYLE MacDONNELL, television star: says: "Yes. I made my own 30-Day Camel Mildness Test. It was fun! Camels for me!"



OPERA STAR Robert Merrill: "The cigarette I smoke must agree with my throat. Camels are really mild!"